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NEW TIMES

South Boston's whites answer back: "We have had enough!"

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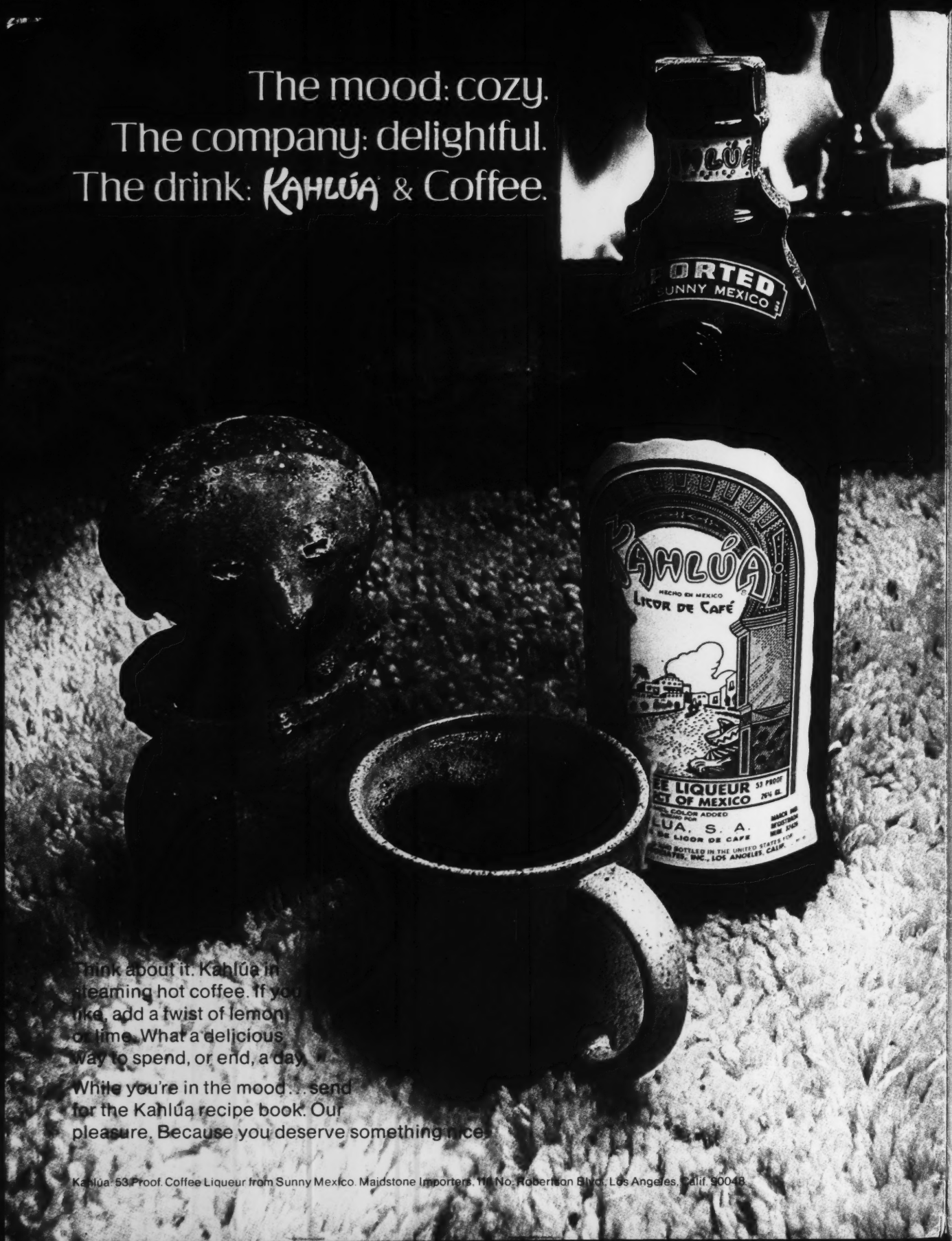
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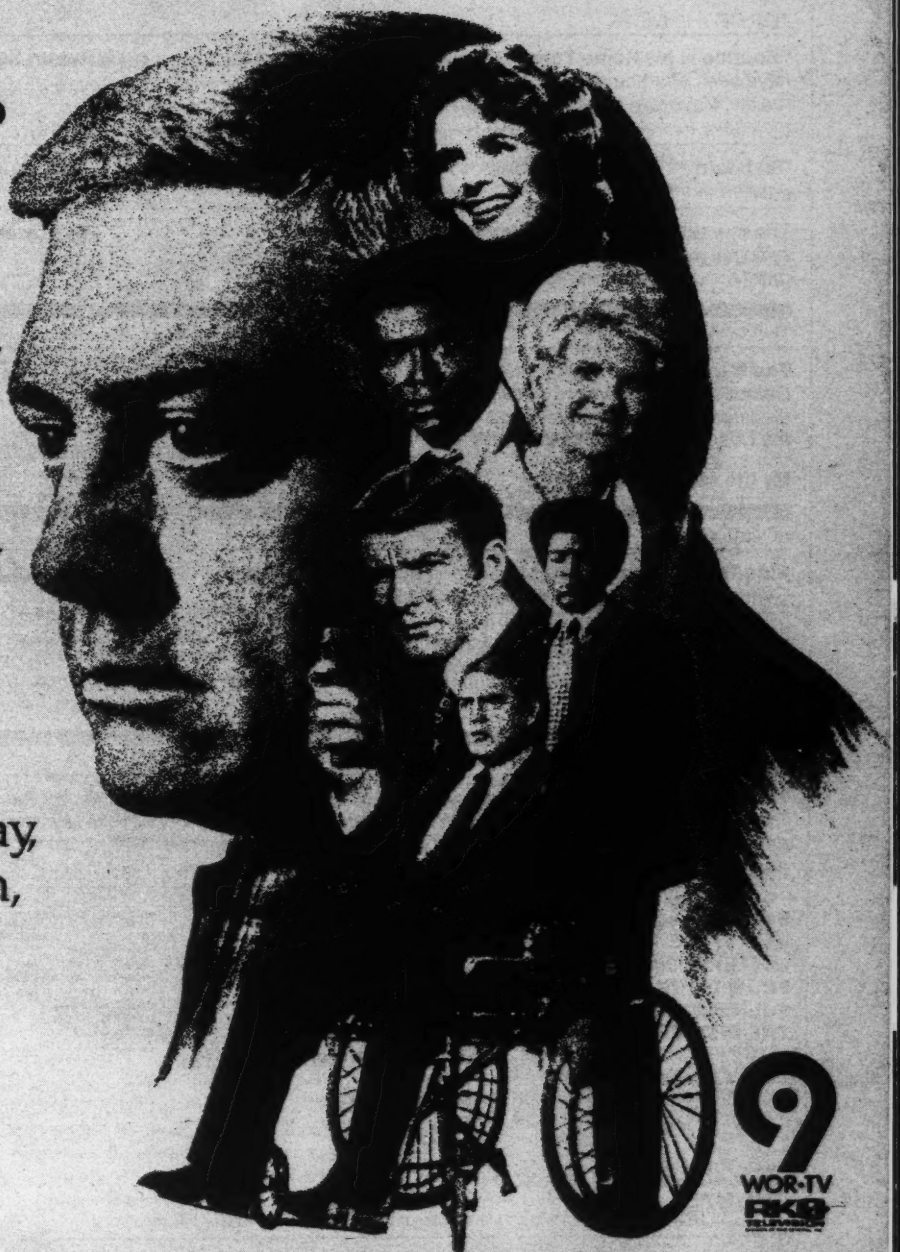

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NEW TIMES, November 15, 1974, Volume 3, Number 10

TOP OF THE NEWS

"Southie Is My Home Town" *The people of South Boston have been characterized by the national media as brawling racists. Maybe they are. But after getting the shaft for 200 years, they have their reasons* **By Robert Sam Anson** 16

Dear Jerry, *President Ford puts his wisdom to work to cure your economic ills* **By Paul Slansky** 25

The consulting con game *In which university professors become government consultants, approve educational program grants, require subcontract kickbacks and collect big money* **By Edward Roeder** 26

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

The Marmoset road test *Otis "Pop" Mulholland wrings out Detroit's all-new triumph of design and styling, the classically elegant* Marmoset Custom Royal Brougham . . . *as tested by the Dean of American Test Drivers* **By William Jeanes** 36

My life with football 40

LOCAL COLOR

Side Trips *Mainlining on Main Street,* **by Frank Browning;** *Connecticut's dear old Mom,* **by Fred Mann** 34

Stealing New York *New York's latest generation of petty thieves is not content with pocketbooks. In the last year they've stolen trees, bushes, statues, plaques, lampposts and an entire building* **By Jack Friedman** 44

THE ARTS

The Triumph of Leni *Leni Riefenstahl, 72, whose 1934* Triumph of the Will *is a classic of both documentary filmmaking and Nazi propaganda, moves into the present—even as she confronts the shadows of the past* **By Paul Gardner** 50

Behind the scenes at NEW TIMES 4
LETTERS page 3
SLOW DOWN page 6
FULMINATIONS page 8
THE INSIDER page 13

REVIEWS:
Movies: *The Phantom of Liberté* page 59
Music: '60s soloists page 67
Books: The Kitschen Sink page 69
FINAL TRIBUTE
Goodbye quantity, goodbye quality
By J.J. Dreyer
page 72

COVER PHOTOS BY LEE LOCKWOOD AND ALEX WEBB

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LETTERS

Evelmessages

Your publication is one of the most promising showcases of the "new journalism" in recent years. But since when does the lack of complete sentences without substantial thought behind them become gonzo journalism? Bill Cardoso's attempt at using Hunter Thompson's literary style is like buying Corfam shoes and telling everyone they are leather.

T. McMahon
Baltimore, Maryland

Cardoso's profile of Boom Boom Kelly ("Evel Is Dead," October 4) is fantastic. More Cardoso, please, but tell him to leave in the articles and prepositions. He good.

N.F. Chalmers
Port Angeles, Washington

One thing disturbs me after reading "Evel Is Dead" (October 4). The author says that the Evelhorde threw a baby into the canyon. Please enlarge upon this as I'm not sure if I fully get the message. Surely this was not a real human being.

Vernon F. McDonnell
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Editor's Note: You're right. That was not a real human being.

Cogito ergo est

I'm sorry you printed the est article (October 18) by Marcia Seligson. I found it didn't accurately portray what est is.

Est is a sick and dangerous new religion.It is sick because it tries to get you to believe in silly Madison Avenue type slogans. "Life is just a game" and "You are God" are two of the main slogans it tries to get you to believe in. Est is dangerous because it uses brainwashing methods in order to get you to believe. The methods used are so powerful that over 95 percent of the people who submit to it for the full 72 hours come out converted.

I took est seven months ago. It was a powerful experience, as Ms. Seligson says it is, but it was also horrible. I felt lousy for several weeks afterward. Contrary to Ms. Seligson's claim, the effects are not long lasting. I had completely forgotten about it until reading her article.

I agree with Ms. Seligson that people who take est change. The ones I know who took it became unfeeling and unquestioning. They became apathetic and paranoid.

Jay Raskin
New York, New York

After reading Marcia Seligson's article "Does Werner Erhard Have the Answer" (October 18), I must say I am a cynic and I die-hard, particularly in regard to money.

She states that there are monthly trainings of about 250 persons at $250 apiece. Sixty-five persons on the est staff are paid salaries ranging from $7,500 to $30,000. That is $250,000 monthly income for est from the seminars. Assuming all 65 staff members save one (who is paid $7,500) are paid $30,000, staff salaries amount to $160,625 per month. That leaves $90,000 per month. The one mention of direct costs, I believe, was for the special training given at Lompoc Prison. The cost was quoted at between $3,000 and $5,000. Assuming $8,000 for, say, seven trainings (special and regular) per month, direct costs for those come to about $56,000. Now assuming that the $12,000 salary estimate is reasonable, that leaves $129,000 per month, which appears to me to be about 100 percent profit.

Is all that cash flow used to expand services? And why would expanding services cost so much, what with 1,000 volunteers, no advertising, word of mouth from devoted followers and waiting lists for participants?

Tim Gill
Los Angeles, California

I enjoyed Marcia Seligson's article on est (October 18). What she describes seems to be an effective tool for unlocking the powers which lie within each of us not only to cope with our own problems, but at the same time opening new doors to improving our relationships with those around us.

Bill Smolen
Jamaica, New York

The canning of America

As a one-time organizer of a recycling center in a small town in the Midwest, I was especially delighted to read an article called "The Trashing of America" in your October 4 issue. The center petered out after we all realized we weren't really getting any help from the can companies—and in fact were being exploited by them.

Why should we spend our time and precious money in these hard times subsidizing the corporations just to further the can companies' public relations and enable them to make higher profits by wasting natural resources?

Barbara Booth
New York, N.Y.

Bitter pills and other antidotes

The articles on Timothy Leary and Joanna Harcourt-Smith in the October 18 issue are among the best we've seen anywhere.

There are many Leary supporters in this country who are dismayed by his snitching. Some of them may feel that PILL's press conference exposing his new role as government informer was premature. For those facing possible indictments from Leary's untruthful testimony, however, it was not a minute too soon. Indictments, even on phony charges, can ruin careers, disrupt lives and malign reputations.

David Weir
PILL Coordinator
San Francisco, California

This letter concerns two *New Times* articles, one about Timothy Leary and the other about his friend Joanna (October 18). Leary's quest for freedom linked with Joanna's quest to exhaust his monetary supplies only further shores up my thoughts that Leary not only "is" selling out but has in the past and will continue to do so until he milks as much fame, fortune and certainly parole as possible.

Leary is no longer respected by those with whom he spent his incarceration.

Terry Braniff
San Luis Obispo, California

You deserve a break today

As a proud member of the McDonald's management team, I must agree with the McDonald's P.R. man mentioned in Jesse Kornbluth's article "Happy Days Are Here Again" (October 4) that the nationalization of the Golden Arches will never happen.

"A bad dream out of Marxist science fiction?" Perhaps. But when you're the tops, you don't worry much about fiction or bad dreams.

John F. Spaulding
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Great Barrington, Massachusetts

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BEHIND THE SCENES

Ed Roeder, who wrote this issue's story on consultants, is one of the new breed of investigative reporters that is revitalizing journalism in this country. During his brief career—he began reporting in 1969—he has been responsible for several major newsbreaks, among them the report that G. Harrold Carswell had made a white supremacist speech. That story played an important role in the scuttling of Carswell's Supreme Court nomination.

Of late, Roeder has been laboring for the Baltimore *Sun*, in which he recently broke the story that all the bullet-biters in Congress had quietly awarded themselves an expense account increase of $10,000.

Roeder's own account of his background and his work on the consultants story follows:

"I was born on the 50-yard line of the Orange Bowl. At the age of 3, I was shot down in an airplane by the Nazis over Africa and raised by a pride of leopards. Thereafter, I was taken in by a tribe of Amazons who saw me safely through puberty. They adopted me as their mascot, but by the time I was in my late teens, my duties—which involved attending all their services and servicing all their attendants—got to be boring. So I turned to journalism.

"What happened was, I was in a bar and I found a matchbook from the Famous Investigative Reporters School. That matchbook changed my life.

"A lot of the stories I've covered are too secret to have seen the light of day, and that's why I've kept them covered. For example, (next sentence deleted).

"After that, I decided to go to college, but I found that it interfered with my education. My goal is to get a massage parlor of my own, preferably in suburban Washington.

"I got onto this story while lounging on a yacht off Majorca with a bunch of consultants. One of them said, 'I'm bored. I think I'll go up to Washington, D.C., this weekend and make myself a few thousand dollars.' Another said, 'As long as you're up, get me a grant.' 'Aha!' I thought. And I was off."

So ends Roeder's tale. If the reader finds it excessive in any of its particulars, he/she should be advised that publisher's letters like this one are among the very few public places where investigative journalists are invited to hang loose.

Or give thanks to those who have helped them with their work. Roeder has asked that we acknowledge the fact that the consultants story was made possible by grants from two foundations—the Fund for Investigative Journalism, Inc., of Washington, D.C., and the Southern Investigative Research Project of the Southern Regional Council, which is based in Atlanta. He adds that both groups are looking for applicants who have stories in mind but no money to go after them. *NEW TIMES* readers are invited to apply.

George A. Hirsch

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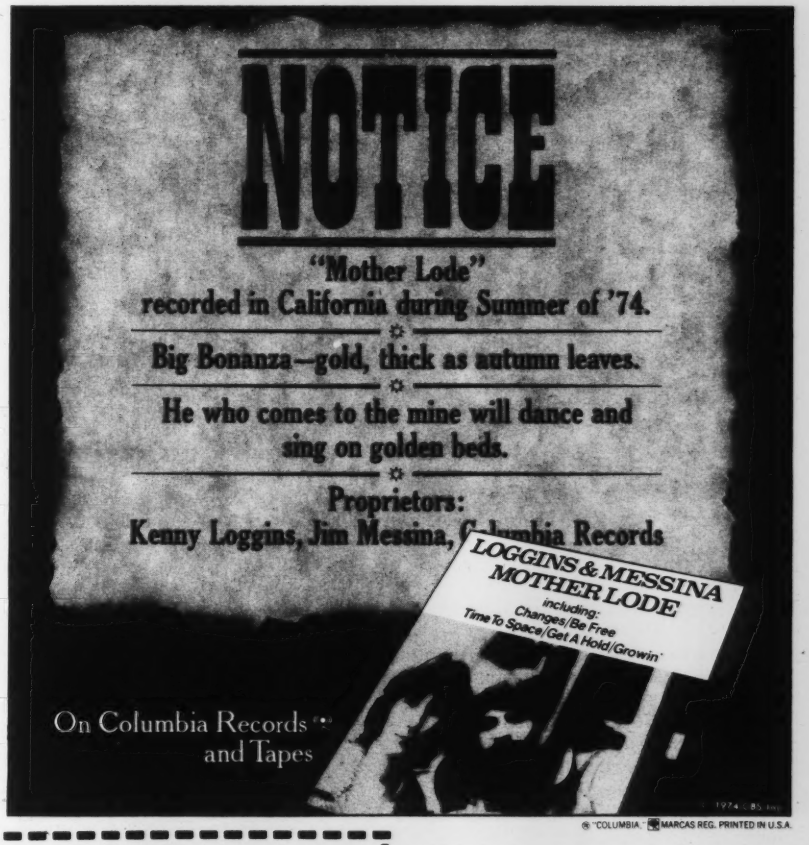
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Why doesn't the United States
put food on ships and save the people?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Every so often you see an item on the evening news about how a lot of people in Sahelian Africa are starving.

You wonder, WHY DOESN'T THE UNITED STATES PUT FOOD ON SHIPS AND SAVE THE PEOPLE? We used to do that, especially back in the 1950s when it was costing us $1 million a day just to *store* our surpluses. But now our vast surpluses are gone, along with everybody else's, thanks mainly to increased world population and demand, and a worldwide terrible harvest in 1972.

Still, the U.S. government has managed to give $129 million worth of emergency assistance to the Sahel since late 1972, helping to hold the number who have starved to death down to 100,000.

But famine relief is just a stopgap measure which has nothing to do with a solution to the world food shortage.

The U.N. estimates that from one-third to one-half of the people of the world suffer from not having enough to eat. Picture someone in pain, and his whole family's in pain, and all his friends, his town, his region, his country—oceans of pain, mountains of pain, pain from horizon to horizon.

The rich countries, even if the Golden Rule shaped their policies, could not feed them all. The problem demands much more sophisticated solutions than grain on boats.

What's needed is a massive long-term effort to develop the ability of the poor countries to feed their own ever-growing populations. Only *after* they can feed themselves, paradoxically, will efforts at population control take hold. Parents are willing to practice birth control only in an economy developed enough to assure them that each child will survive to care for them in later years.

To meet production targets in the developing countries, the U.N. says, would require an annual investment of $3.5 to $4.5 billion in land and water development.

How much will the United States be willing to do?

That will be decided by our elected representatives, so I went to see mine, Republican Congressman Peter Peyser, who lives in a very big white house near the Hudson River, in the idyllic town of Irvington, N.Y., where he used to sell insurance before being elected mayor, before going to Washington. Congressman Peyser's district includes rich people and poor, black and white, suburbanites and Bronx-dwellers—it's been called a microcosm of America. He's on the Agriculture Committee.

Congressman Peyser answered his front door and ushered me into the kitchen, where he was enjoying a large breakfast, as had I.

The first thing he said was the U.S. was giving more in development assistance than any other country.

I've read the U.S. ranks "near the bottom" among rich nations in aid to poor countries, when aid is figured proportionately, as a percentage of gross national product. Our *real* development assistance, even including loans, once you take out military assistance and other padding, amounts to about one-tenth of 1 percent of our gross national product, as Congressman Peyser knows if he's read *The Politics of World Hunger* by Paul and Arthur Simon.

I asked whether he thought Americans would be willing to do *more* in foreign aid.

"No," my representative said. "There's a real feeling of cutting back on foreign aid, and I can't say I disagree with all of that feeling." He considers it folly, in a time of domestic shortages and inflation, to spend "billions of dollars of the taxpayers' money to send something out of the country."

But it doesn't get sent out of the country for long. Ninety percent of our foreign assistance ends up right back home, spent by the recipients on purchases from the United States.

"I don't know of any people that is more inclined to help people than the American people," Congressman Peyser continued, "but I do think they have reached a point where the money isn't there."

Where's the money? The military finds $215 million *a day* to spend. Every 14 hours our Defense Department outspends the entire annual budget of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization and World Health Organization combined. Every person in America spends $375 a year for current military costs, and $6 for aid to the poor nations.

Congressman Peyser receives more than 200 letters a week about food prices— our experience of the world food shortage. He gets none about aid to famine-stricken countries.

The congressman may be right that Americans are basically generous, but we are led to believe that we contribute much more than we do, and we need leadership to see what needs to be done.

We can respond realistically only to what we comprehend to be real. We obviously do not really understand that people are starving, else we could not possibly scatter 3 million tons of fertilizer a year, as we do, on our lawns and golf courses, while hungry people's crops grow stunted for want of it.

We can't seem to grasp the reality of that which we do not experience directly. Thus the prospects of the poor countries' starving people being well served by the ex-mayor of Irvington are not bright, though I have no reason to doubt that he is a compassionate man. It's just that they, like the 10 to 12 million hungry *Americans*, live, and die, too far away. ●

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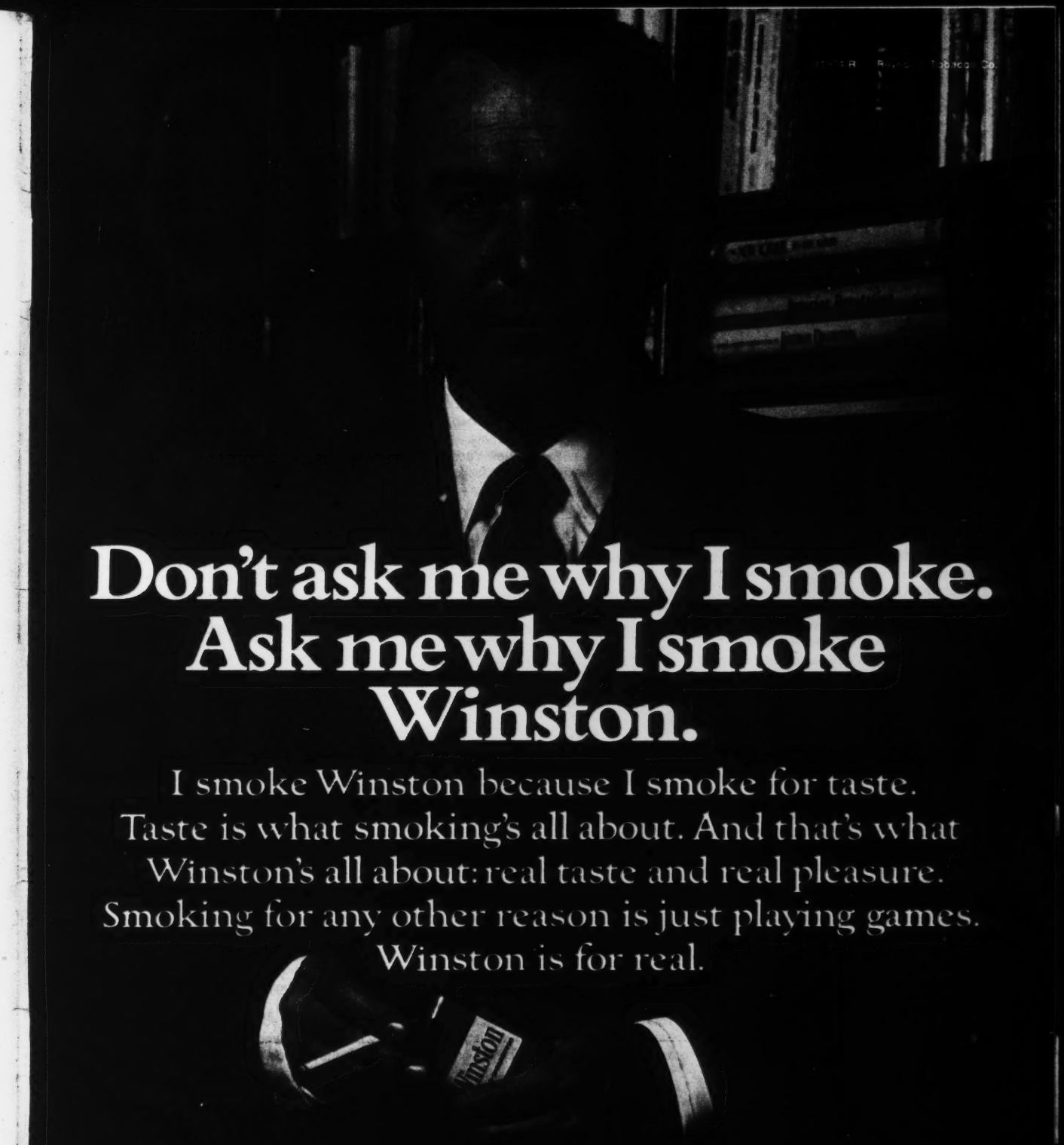

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Rocky and His Pals

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Someone has suggested, in relation to Nelson Rockefeller's cash gifts to his old political pals, that it's nice to discover a politician who gives money rather than takes it. That's the sort of lame quip often uttered in favor of public men caught fudging; though Rockey's partisans may applaud it, it fails to satisfy the thoughtful.

Rockefeller was not born yesterday; he has brokered in power and chummed with politicians since New Deal days. He therefore knows there's no such thing as a free lunch; he knows, too, that politicians are careful to serve their benefactors. Nor is it likely *any* Rockefeller fails to understand that money's primary function is to buy people, places and things. To judge Nelson Rockefeller innocent of the knowledge that his gifts incurred obligations in many well-placed men is to also judge him a fool. Foolish he sometimes may be; a fool he is not.

He knew enough to smash the spirit of the law, while being careful not to break its letter, by paying his cash bonuses on days when certain of his pol-pals were temporarily between public payrolls. This guaranteed against violating anti-corruption laws capable of sending people to the slammer. That's mighty calculated conduct from one whose apologists credit his heart with such natural, pure charities as to shame both Saint Francis and Saint Nick.

Rockefeller's explanations alternate between a breezy arrogance and an airy piety. We peons simply don't understand: "Seventy-five thousand dollars to me is like ten dollars to other people." By this formula, Rockefeller's revelation that he has loaned his wife, Happy, some $16,000—of which she still owes $12,500— means he is dunning her by implication for the unpaid portion of the 50 cents. That *is* a little difficult to understand. But once one grasps the idea, then one is likely to wonder why—money meaning so *little* to the man—he underpaid his federal taxes by a million bucks.

When it's piety time, we hear approximately this: no, Rocky expected no return on his money; gee whiz, fella, he only wanted to help a few good ole boys who've sacrificed themselves in the public service and didn't know where their next meal was coming from. One such fella, William Ronan, was in such poor shape he only made $400,000 in real estate profits during the period Rocky was urging $625,000 on him. Mr. Ronan, as chairman of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, heads a vast bureaucracy in a rich region where the Rockefellers own property almost any place you look. We have the word of Mr. Rockefeller that it would be foolish to worry about the matter; they're just pals, see? Judson Morhouse, former New York State Republican chairman, got a piddling $75,000 or so after Rocky pardoned him when he was convicted of bribery. Maybe it's a form of prisoner rehabilitation, though I don't remember Rockefeller being all that nice to the boys at Attica.

Henry Kissinger, who accepted $50,000 on going to Washington to advise President Richard M. Terrible (who got $200,000 for *his* '72 campaign), assures us that he lobbied not one iota for Rocky as Veep and otherwise has done him no favors. New York's Senator Javits, running scared against Ramsey Clark, took $15,000 this year; *he* assures us it won't influence him one whit when he votes on Rocky's confirmation. To believe them, one must also believe that Rockefeller specializes in lavishing money on ingrates.

Believe what you wish about the $60,000 going to the publication of a derisive book about Arthur Goldberg, Rocky's 1970 gubernatorial opponent. Originally, Rocky said he knew nothing of it. Then he said his brother Laurance had "invested" in the book without his knowledge. Finally, he said he was sorry and wishes that he'd stopped the silly ole project. Rockefeller: a man for all reasons.

Barry Goldwater got on the tube a week ago and offered to bet that Rocky won't be confirmed. Barry never has liked the fella overly much and probably enjoyed kicking him while he was down; he refused to help Goldwater's presidential campaign, after all. But there was honest anger and worry in Senator Goldwater, who owns an old-fashioned integrity and whose bullshit detector works pretty well. Funny thing, though: *all* congressional Republican leaders and, strangely, Senate Democratic Leader Robert Byrd rushed to say they couldn't agree with Barry, that Rocky still looks like a good guy.

Politicians are made nervous by thoughts of balking a man whose sin is giving away money to their kind. They grow nervous at the mere public *mention* of money, so many of them being careless about where they get it or why. "If Rockefeller's not clean then who *is*?" cried a wounded Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. Very good question, Hugh. Maybe nobody is. But you senators should keep inspecting candidates until you find one; make like Diogenes. Those of us knowing the value of 10 bucks are mighty sick of all this high level hanky-panky. We can tolerate dumb politicians, yes, even pompous or foolish or vain ones. But we're damn tired of crooks, liars and pols who talk to us as if addressing a convention of idiots. When the Rockefeller confirmation hearings resume, we've a right to expect you senators to extract more from Rocky than a wink, a smile or a "Hiya, fella." And maybe a campaign contribution. ●

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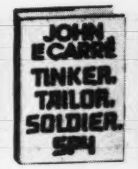

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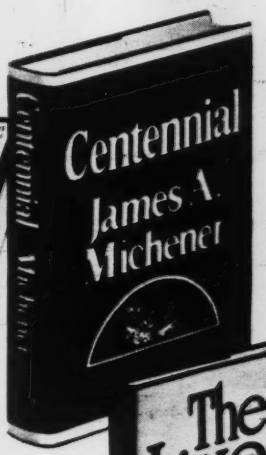

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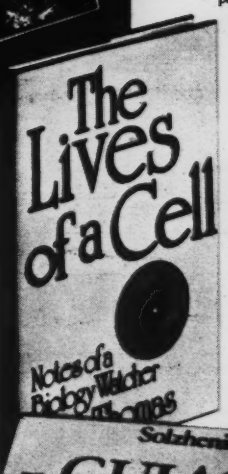

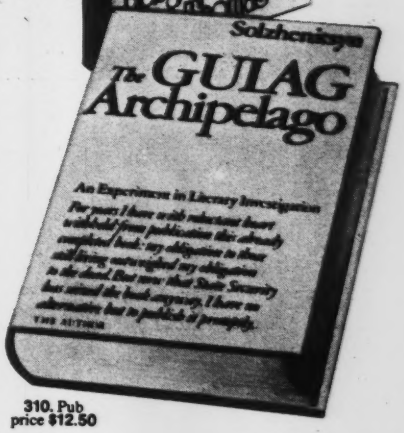

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Chappaquiddick sheriff still doesn't buy Teddy's story

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Chappaquiddick still lives

While Teddy Kennedy's announcement that he would not run for president in 1976 put an end to several investigations by national news organizations into the unanswered Chappaquiddick questions, it didn't put to rest the questions. Nor did Kennedy's recent interview with the Boston *Globe,* in which he called his actions that night "inexcusable" but held on to his cover story: that he set out cold sober at 11:15 p.m. from the cottage to drive himself and Miss Kopecne to the ferry; that he left the main road by mistake, taking a rough dirt road instead; that he dove for 20 minutes trying to rescue Mary Jo, was so upset he didn't seek help from the nearby houses, ran back to the cottage, got his friends Gargan and Markham, drove back to the bridge and dove again with them; that they then drove to the ferry slip, arriving too late for the last ferry and that, thereupon in desperation, Kennedy leaped from the car and swam the 150 yards that separates Chappaquiddick from Edgartown.

Aside from the senator himself, one of the other people having a difficult time living with the inconsistencies in that story is locally respected Martha's Vineyard Sheriff Christopher "Hauk" Look Jr., one of the men who helped pull Mary Jo out of the water and a key witness in the subsequent inquest. These are his answers to three questions never put to him at the inquest:

Did Mary Jo drown? (or did she suffocate over a delayed period in an air bubble trapped in the car?)

Q: "Sheriff Look, you have seen a lot of drowned people?" (Swimmers and boaters die in waters around Martha's Vineyard all too frequently.)/A: "Unfortunately."/Q: "Over 20?"/A: "About."/Q: "Did the girl [Mary Jo] look like other drowned people?"/A: "No."/Q: "Do you think she drowned?"/A: "No."/Q: "Why?"/A: "I was right there when her lungs were compressed the first time. The very first time. There was very little water in them. None gushed out the way it does with drowned people. And there were none of the flecks of white about the mouth you usually see."

The missing statement

The senator insists that he left the party with Mary Jo at 11:15 p.m. to make the last ferry to Edgartown. But Sheriff Look, who by chance happened to be driving back from work, saw what he believes to be Kennedy's car parked at the junction of the main road and Dyke Bridge road at around 12:45 a.m. Why did the senator back up the time by saying that after he came back from diving for Mary Jo, he flopped in his friend's other car, a Valiant, and noted the dashboard clock at 12:45 a.m.? (It turns out that Valiants are not equipped with such clocks and the actual Valiant rented by Kennedy for that weekend was not modified to take a clock.)

The speculation of some investigators is that Kennedy had constructed an original alibi, claiming that Gargan had been driving the car, which quickly became untenable and had to be changed. In Kennedy's first statement to Edgartown Police Chief Dominic Arena—which has been unreported and missing since that day—Kennedy said there were three people in the car. Chief Arena then reportedly interrupted Kennedy and said that was impossible as there was already a witness that there were only two people in the car (Sheriff Look). At this point Kennedy stopped his statement and said he wanted to gather more facts. A short time later he came back to the station and produced the 240-word statement that stands today.

Q: "Sheriff Look, was there an earlier statement, now missing, that Senator Kennedy made to Chief Arena?"/A: "There was."/Q: "What happened to the statement?"/A: "No one knows."/Q: "Did you see the statement?"/A: "I have."/Q: "Did Senator Kennedy say he was driving the car?"/A: "He did not. He said there

WIDE WORLD

The bridge at Chappaquiddick: still not crossed

were three people in the car."

Did Kennedy swim the channel?

Several journalists and local people have speculated that Kennedy did not swim across the channel. Instead, the theory is that sometime after midnight Kennedy called a friend, a local resident of Edgartown, who in the past had done favors for the senator. Kennedy asked the friend to bring a boat over to Chappaquiddick. The man did, Kennedy got in the boat and was ferried across to the Edgartown side alone. The man was asked to say nothing about the event. But the next morning, before the accident became known, the man told several people.

Q: "Sheriff, I've learned that a local man took Kennedy from Chappaquiddick to Edgartown. Is that true?"/A: "I'm certain, in my own mind, it is."/Q: "Because of when he told his story?"/A: "In part."/Q: "Do you know who he is?"/A: "Yes."

Powerful and reserved, Sheriff Look acts the way the legendary sheriff of fiction was meant to act. An island football star, ex-Marine, a good fisherman, he is big and quiet. He is also brave enough to talk on the record. "I don't want to hurt anybody," Look says, "but I don't want people thinking we have one law for the rich and another for the poor on this island, either."

—Arthur Hadley

Some inflation stopper!

Remember Jerry Ford's Whip Inflation Now (WIN) program? Well, it hasn't gotten very far, but a commercial outfit has at long last printed up some WIN buttons to help the cause. Guess what the price is per button? One dollar.

How about Mo Udall?

With Kennedy out of the running, the Democrats, and particularly the liberals, continue to cast about for a viable presidential candidate for 1976. The longer it takes, the more Scoop Jackson locks in from the conservative side. Come January, watch for a move to trot out Congressman Morris Udall from Arizona, brother of former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and a strong advocate of ecology and institutional reform measures. A group of liberal, anti-AFL-CIO Democrats are behind the move. They hope to send Udall around the country on speaking tours, giving him some sorely-needed national exposure, and see if he can turn anybody on. If Mo doesn't exactly pack the houses, back to square one.

WIDE WORLD

Allen: tipping the balance

Sen. Judiciary Committee tilts to the right

There's bad news for the liberals on the important Senate Judiciary Committee. In recent years the libs have forced prolonged investigations of Pat Gray, Richard Kleindienst, G. Harrold Carswell, et al. Part of the secret of their strategic success has been the 8-8 tie vote the liberals could rack up with the aid of liberal Republican Charles Mathias, and sometime liberal Democrats Sam Ervin and Robert Byrd. But with Ervin retiring, the word is that his seat on Judiciary is slated for Alabama Sen. James Allen, one of the Senate's arch conservatives. Allen would line up solidly with conservatives to tip the committee balance 9-7 against the libs. Allen wants the Judiciary seat as a vehicle for his anti-busing cause. And to make matters worse, the one vacant seat on the GOP side of the committee reportedly is set to go to Virginia Sen. William Scott.

WIDE WORLD

Udall: why not?

MEDIA

If you can't beat them, join 'em

Former White House aide and Watergate cover-up defendant John Ehrlichman is about to make his debut as a radio commentator. Sometime this month, Ehrlichman will begin a series of political commentaries for the Mutual Radio Network. Mutual approached the ex-Nixon aide prior to the start of the Watergate trial. Ehrlichman did three sample tapes and these sold well enough to Mutual subscribers that he was signed on. A network spokesman confirmed the deal but declined to say how much Ehrlichman would be paid or whether he would continue as a commentator if sent to jail.

WIDE WORLD

Ehrlichman: good on tape

Ehrlichman is not the only Watergate news object who wants to switch to the other side of the microphone. Sen. Edward Gurney has applied for a broadcasting job at ABC-TV. Gurney's administrative assistant laughed in disbelief when he was asked to verify this story. "You know how Gurney feels about the media," said the AA. "Let me assure you he'd never write any such letter." But a few minutes later the AA called back to say: "He did it." The AA went on to explain that Gurney felt he could help balance TV news as a conservative commentator.

Gurney's letter to ABC did acknowledge the slight problem of his

criminal indictment in Florida. But the lame-duck senator dismissed this problem in a paragraph, saying he expected the whole matter would be disposed of soon.

The politics of race and rape at the Boston *Globe*

The racial violence in Boston has had its effects even on the city's most liberal institution, the Boston *Globe*. The paper's black reporters staged a brief work stoppage Oct. 11 in protest over the way the *Globe* was handling the busing story. Chief among the complaints was the decision to give prominent front-page play to the rape of a white girl by a group of blacks. The rape, which occurred at the height of the violence in South Boston, was unrelated to the school integration problems. The black staffers were pacified only after a black assistant metropolitan editor was named and *Globe* management agreed to discuss future handling of racial stories with the black journalists.

HEALTH

By Marlon Steinmann

Suicide potentials incompetent

Suicide attempts have increased so much over the past decade that psychiatrists are now using the word "epidemic." Myrna Weissman of the Yale University School of Medicine and the Connecticut Mental Health Center recently analyzed statistics from the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, Australia, Israel and India for the years 1960 through 1971. She found the situation strikingly similar in all these countries: a marked increase in *attempts*, while the overall rate of *successful* suicides remained unchanged. The profile of the typical attempter was also remarkably consistent from country to country: young (under 25), female, usually single or divorced. The most common method was drug overdose—barbiturates or one of the psychotropic drugs.

"Psychotropic drugs were introduced in the mid-1950s," Ms. Weissman points out in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, "and only gained wide use in the 1960s. One can speculate on the role their recent availability has played in the rise in suicidal attempts."

Easterners take more time to recover

How long you spend in the hospital with a given illness depends, surprisingly, on where you live. In an analysis of hospital discharge records of millions of Medicare patients, the Social Security Administration has learned that the average hospital stay in the northeastern states is 50 percent longer than it is in the western states—15 days as compared to 10.1 days. The Midwest and the South are in between. The difference holds true for specific diseases, both surgical and non-surgical. Breast cancer: 16.4 hospital days in the Northeast; 11.1 days in the West. Acute coronary occlusion: 18.3 days, Northeast; 13.9 days, West. Broken thigh bone: 29.5 days, Northeast; 22 days, West. The Social Security Administration can offer no explanation, and neither can we.

BLACK STAR

A suicide "epidemic"

Forget about lifelines

Did you ever believe the old fortune-teller's story that the length of your so-called lifeline—the crease around the base of your thumb—indicates how long you will live? Drs. M. E. Wilson and L. E. Mather of the University of Washington, in Seattle, have now gone to the trouble of actually measuring the lifeline in 51 cadavers, using a computer to correct for variables like body size. Guess what? Just what skeptics thought all along. There's no correlation.

"This study is of the greatest importance," the authors solemnly write, "because it is one of the few instances in which soothsaying has been, in sooth, objectively tested. We happily conclude that palmistry may be used to predict life expectancy but, when it is so used, it is blessedly free of scientific worthiness or usefulness to life insurers."

THE WORD

God spare us Ol' Blue Eyes

Next to attacking women, Frank Sinatra has always enjoyed putting down gays. For years he referred to Johnny Mathis as "the African queen" in his nightclub act. Now, all of a sudden, Sinatra is taking shots at columnist Rex Reed between songs on his recent concert

UPI

Sinatra: let's not talk about Rex

tour. The singer, reflecting on a Boston appearance, told his Buffalo audience in October: "I was thinking the other night that if Paul Revere had had laryngitis, we would have all been singing 'God Save the Queen.' " Pause, one, two. "But I don't wanna talk about Rex Reed. Let's get away from that."

Reed may be fresh fodder for Ol' Prude Eyes—whose belabored attacks on Rona Barrett, et al., have grown stale and even caused close aides to grit their teeth a bit—but razor-tongued Sexy Rexy is no one to fool with. Reed can wipe out a career with a phrase. He's the guy who once observed that no matter how Nancy Sinatra spends her father's money, she still manages to look like a pizza waitress.

"Southie Is My Home Town"

By Robert Sam Anson

"Listen, there are no liberals in Boston. That's just a veneer from across the river."

—A *Globe* reporter

A few weeks ago, after a mob of South Boston whites had dragged a black man from his car and done their best to beat him to death, John Taylor, the president of the Boston *Globe*, gave some of his key aides what amounted to a little pep talk. Taylor, whose paper has a deserved reputation for being among the most liberal dailies in America, reminded his staff that, despite the events of the past few weeks, Boston was still a great city, with a long and hallowed tradition of tolerance for all. Everyone listened respectfully, and since Mr. Taylor's family has lived in Boston a couple of hundred years, nobody laughed out loud. Almost as Mr. Taylor was talking, workmen were putting up bulletproof plates over the office windows, just to make sure that Boston's tradition for tolerance did not get out of hand.

The good, parchment-faced Yankees like John Taylor said that it would never happen in Boston, that their people weren't like the teased-hair harpies of Pontiac and Charlotte and Little Rock. Busing would be different here, they said, because Boston was different. Because *they* were different.

And now that it has happened—now that the school buses have been stoned and children beaten and the National Guard called up, now, in short, that everything has happened to Boston that happened to so many other cities that had to bus for racial balance—many proper Bostonians still don't know quite what to make of what has happened to their city, much less why. Except, perhaps, to believe that the trouble is all the fault of "those people."

The people of South Boston have been characterized by the national media as brawling racists. Maybe they are. But after getting the shaft for 200 years, they have their reasons

"Those people" are the residents of South Boston—"Southie," as they call it—some 38,000 of them, the great majority working-class Irish, with a smattering of Poles, Italians and Lithuanians thrown in. The Boston of the Beacon Hill board rooms has always kept Southie at arm's length, appreciative of its political clout—Louise Day Hicks is a Southie, after all, not to mention John McCormack and the sainted demagogue James Michael Curley—mystified by some of its ways, and a little frightened by the fierceness that invariably accompanies every Southie cause, from the Boston Bruins to the meetings of the Boston School Committee, all of whose members happen to be, not so coincidentally, Irish Catholic.

But, until now, Southie could be dismissed as a charmingly primitive place where people did a lot of fighting, drinking and rosary-saying, and, thank God, always among themselves. Across the Charles in Cambridge, whenever people talked about Southie—which was rarely—it was usually to describe, with a wink, a grin and a shake of the head, the neighborhood's latest excess. It was not a place serious people took seriously.

Now the snickering has stopped. To this determinedly boosterist city, so enamored of itself and what it imagines it stands for, Southie has become an annoying embarrassment, something that puts the lie to the enlightened Brahmin image every night on the network news. "Did

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE LOCKWOOD

you know," a Harvard man asked a visitor recently, "that some of my friends in New York think we are all like *those people*?"

Boston finally took notice because it had to. You could look out from the Prudential Center and actually see the police motorcades bringing the buses into Southie. The troubles were not confined to Southie, certainly, but Southie was at their center. It was in Southie that the black man was dragged from his car, where they pelted the buses with rocks and bottles, where even today, with most of the violence subsiding, the walls are still smeared with fresh warnings of "Boneheads Stay Out." Southie is the last redoubt of the die-hards; the new Belfast, they boast. "The boys in the IRA will give us a hand," a Southie teenager laughs. "They are going to give us a bazooka so we can blow up a tank full of nigger kids." "Animals," Thomas Atkins, president of the local NAACP, calls them: those people who are making Boston realize that, about some things, it is not much different from anyplace else.

Southie has never been a place for the faint of heart. The young men who stand on its street corners in the middle of the day have a hard look about them, like Robert Mitchum after a three-day drunk. Over the years, Southie has cultivated the toughness image, and even before the busing troubles, Bostonians, whatever their color, steered clear of it. The one exception was St. Patrick's Day, when the city's pols trooped over to Dorgan's to have their picture taken eating a plate of corned beef and cabbage. There was always something contrived about the ceremony—Brookline-born Jack Kennedy reportedly felt uncomfortable whenever he was in the place—and last March, sensing the coming storm over busing, most of the pols stopped going altogether. And then, shortly after school opened, Dorgan's mysteriously burned to the ground. So now, even that excuse is gone.

Which probably suits Southie fine. The neighborhood has never welcomed outsiders—residents who have lived there more than a decade are still referred to as newcomers—nor, for that matter, has the rest of Boston seemed especially hospitable to Southie. Railroad tracks and a six-lane expressway cut it off from downtown Boston; the bay isolates it on the remaining three sides. Only five bridges lead in and out of Southie—not that anyone is particularly anxious to cross them. The Irish, who settled in after the Great Famine, make no secret of wanting to be left alone. They say so, right in the neighborhood anthem, "Southie Is My Home Town":

> We have Biff Mahoneys
> And Buff Maloneys
> And clowns who know how to clown.
> So, if you want to stay healthy,
> Stay the hell out of Southie,
> Cause Southie is my home town.

The Irish of Southie have never been a part of Boston's supposed tradition of tolerance. More often than not, they have been its victims. Lately, people like Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles have been pointing out that at the very time when Boston was carving out its reputation as "the cradle of the abolitionist movement," many of Southie's Irish were being held in virtual economic bondage by the same good-hearted Yankees. And it wasn't all that long ago that the city's newspapers (with the significant exception of the *Globe*) routinely carried help wanted ads with the initials "N.I.N.A." (No Irish Need Apply) at the bottom. When the Irish did get jobs, invariably they were at the lowest-paying, most back-breaking work; even today, many of Southie's men list their occupation as "common laborer," as their fathers and grandfathers did before them.

Some of the old-timers claim that the real roots of Southie's problems go back even further, all the way to 1804, when the area, then known as Dorchester Neck, was annexed to the city of Boston through the machinations of unscrupulous Yankee land speculators, one of whom

turned out to be, in a touch right out of a Frank O'Conner novel, Boston's mayor.

Today, it's hard to see how that mayor could ever have hoped to make a killing. The best parts of Southie—the strips along the beach and up on Dorchester Heights—can be described as modestly comfortable. At its worst, down in the Lower End, Southie is nothing more than a slum, a decaying warren of soot-stained factories and aging three-decker houses jammed together on narrow, garbage-littered streets. The dropout rate at South Boston High School, scene of the most bitter racial confrontations and now, thanks to a tightly-organized boycott, largely deserted by whites, is twice that of the rest of the city. The number of alcoholics and mentally ill is exceeded only by those who are unemployed or on the dole. Public housing, like the D Street projects, is as bad or worse than anything the black community has to offer. Gangs roam the corridors and terrorize the tenants. Answering a call, says one Boston cop, is like "walking into a broken glass factory where the workers never sleep." The cruelest irony of Southie is that nothing in Boston resembles it as much as Roxbury, the black ghetto the Irish fear and hate.

What sets Southie apart is its tightness. In other neighborhoods, the Jews and Irish moved out as fast as their money would take them. But in Southie the Irish stayed. Elsewhere, the ethnics were assimilated. In Southie they turned in on themselves—and turned their backs on all others. In time, the men from Galway, Down and Mayo created not so much a community as an extended family, a place peopled by aunts and uncles and cousins where everyone knew and looked out for everyone else. Today, the Southies boast that when someone is burned out, the word quickly gets around and a collection is taken up to get the family back on its feet. And when there is a wake down at O'Donnell's, Southie's women set to their ovens, turning out glazed hams in such profusion that the bereft survivors can fairly gorge themselves in sorrow. The way Southies talk about their performance in the face of calamity—it's the most frequently mentioned good quality about the neighborhood—an outsider gets the impression that woe is a rather familiar figure in the neighborhood, and a not altogether unwelcome one, since tragedy can also be the occasion for a social event.

There is, in fact, a definite melancholy about the place, a sadness rooted in the past and sustained by the realization that, often as not, things don't get better, but worse. Joy in Southie has an almost manic quality to it. The nightly drinking at places like Kelly's, where the walls are

"Give up? Never! We are not a people who give up. Look at Ireland"

adorned with the Gaelic greeting "Caed Mille Failte," are often contests to see who can lapse into oblivion last. And where else but in Southie do parents get their 5-year-olds out of bed well before dawn to take them to play hockey for the Mighty Mites? In the evenings the talk around the dinner table is often about home—not Boston, but Ireland. Gerard Carey, the assistant director of South Boston's Community Action Program and a Southie

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE LOCKWOOD

himself, remembers that when he first went "home" one summer as a child, he had heard so much about his father's Galway village that he knew every house, who lived there and what they did. "Nothing is revered in Southie so much as the past," says an Irish priest who has worked in Southie. "Tradition is too much with them. I've seen parents who were the most wonderful people to their children all the rest of the year simply desert them the week before St. Patrick's Day. It's sort of expected."

Until this September, most people in Southie thought it would never change. Outsiders had come into the neighborhood before and always they had been driven out or, in some cases, carried out. There had been pressure from Puerto Ricans a couple of years before, when the city had started urban renewal of the Puerto Rican South End. But the new arrivals encountered what Sgt. James Donovan, the community relations officer for the 6th Police District, calls with practiced calm "some community opposition . . . verbal harassment . . . a few beatings . . . some firebombings." Most of the Puerto Ricans got the message. And then there were the blacks. Some had always lived down in the D Street projects. Then, one night last year, a young black man named George Pratt was killed by a sniper as he walked back to his project apartment. And the blacks, too, began to get the message. Quite clearly, it was, "Stay out of Southie."

Anyone living outside Southie could have predicted that sooner or later the isolation was bound to end. Southie never believed it, not even after 1965 when Massachusetts passed a pioneering racial balance law calling for the desegregation of all schools that were more than 50 percent black. Southie's politicians—notably Louise Day Hicks—promised that forced busing and race-mixing would never happen; maybe elsewhere it would, but not in Southie. And, to an improbable extent, the people in Southie believed them. "We trust our leaders because they've grown up with us, we know them," says Jerry Carey. "And we love them because we know they aren't any better than we are."

Every year, the Southies made their pilgrimage to Beacon Hill to demand the law's repeal. The hearings had a stage-like quality to them. Louise would yell into the microphone, and the Southies would shout their approval. The legislators would nod gravely, bang for order and promise that South Boston's request would be given due consideration. And every year, after sufficiently due deliberation, they would vote to keep the law.

Thanks for the Black & White. I had a lousy day at the office.
Everybody was barking at you, huh? Arf. Arf.

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Hot Adam's Apple

(Smirnoff, boiled cider and spices.)

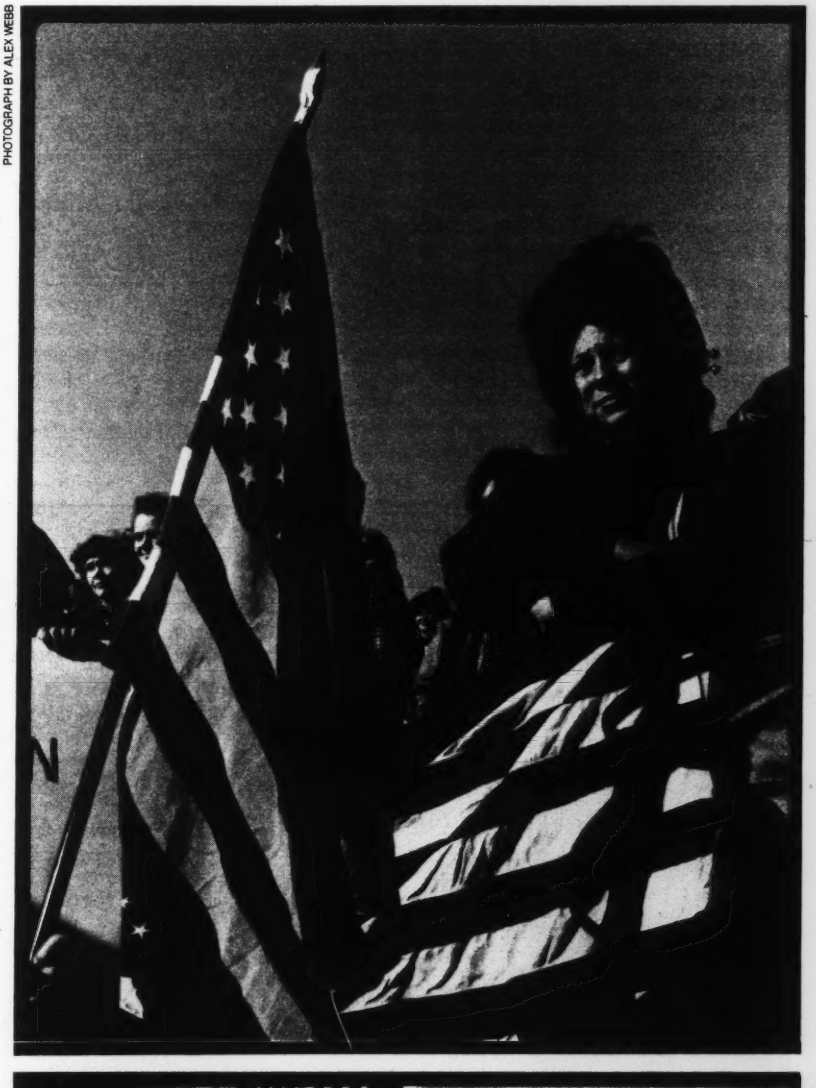
Americans have always liked their coffee hot and their tea hot, but time was, they liked their liquor hot, too. Colonial tipplers liked their spirits steaming and, despite what you may have heard, they seldom took them straight.

Cider, boiled and spiced, was the favorite mixer. We tried it mixed with Smirnoff and we were pleasantly surprised. The same drink cold is our old favorite, the Adam's Apple. So, if the hot version doesn't grab you, just pour it into a glassful of ice cubes. Either way, we wish you well. Happy Holidays.

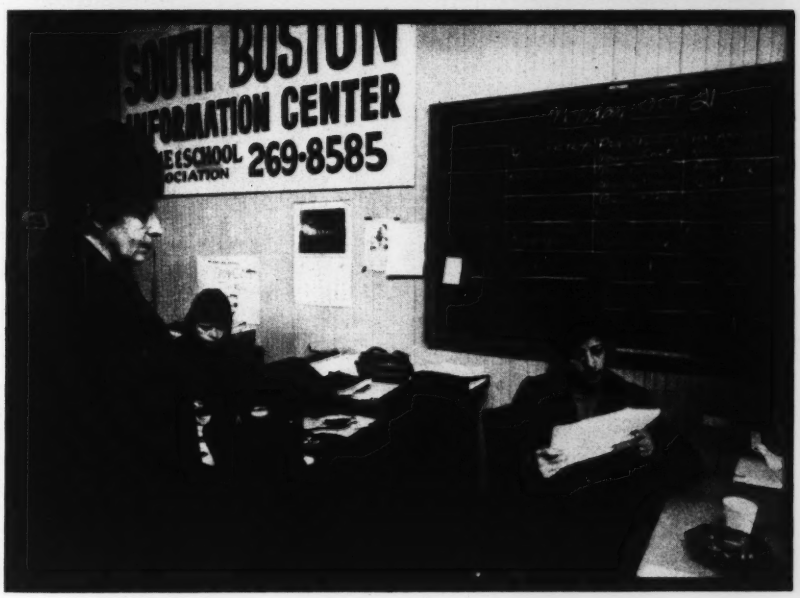
To make a Hot Adam's Apple pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a cup or mug. Add 4 oz. boiled cider, then add a twist of lemon, a dash of fresh nutmeg and a cinnamon stick.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless•



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX WEBB



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE LOCKWOOD

It hardly mattered since it wasn't being enforced anyway. To punish Boston, one agency or another might cut off some of the funds, but that didn't prevent the number of racially imbalanced schools from rising year after year. The seven-member Boston School Committee, wholly independent of the mayor or governor, hardly bothered to conceal its racism. As the black population expanded, the committee merely rejiggered the school district lines, drawing a tighter and tighter enclave around Irish Southie and Charlestown, and, since they were politically important, too, the Italians of the North End. The policy was the same when it came to hiring. A year ago, the National Education Association cited Boston as having the worst record for hiring minority teachers of any major city in the country, north or south. Somehow, in a city that

"We're all prejudiced. We hate the boneheads. Hypocritical? Sure. What's wrong with that? Everyone is a hypocrite

was 17 percent black, the city fire department—many of whose members hailed from Southie—managed to be 99 percent white and the police force nearly 98 percent white. By virtually every index, Boston was, in the words of the NAACP's Atkins, "one of the most racist cities in the country."

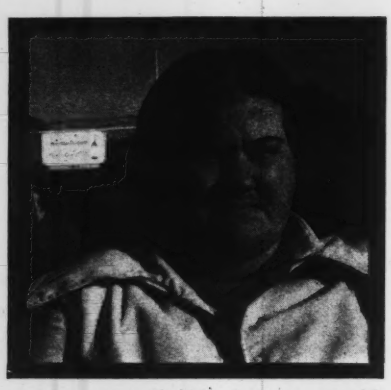
Clearly, Bostonians weren't going to change without outside force, and two years ago the NAACP decided to seek that change. The organization filed suit in federal district court, alleging that through a systematic policy of racial discrimination, the Boston School Committee was depriving black children of equal protection under the law. From the moment the lawsuit was filed, official Boston privately conceded that the old ways were doomed. Not even the repeal of the racial balance law, effectively achieved last year, could save Southie now. All that remained was for the judge to render a predictable decision. And 15 months later, in a 152-page opinion, Judge Arthur Garrity, a Wellesley suburbanite as it happens, did. Boston's schools were ordered to implement a state-devised busing program the coming September.

Garrity's order affected only the city. Thanks to last year's five-to-four Su-

preme Court decision banning cross-district busing. Boston's suburbs were spared. Instead, the burden of social change was to fall squarely on the shoulders of the white ethnic communities, especially Southie, which, because of its proximity to the sprawling Roxbury slum, was designated as the prime busing target. Under the state plan, South Boston High's students were to be spread among four different locations; over 900 black students were to be bused in, and Southie's entire junior class was to be bused out. Ironically, because the busing scheme was drawn along blocks, some of the few blacks in Southie were scheduled to be bused *back* to Roxbury. In Roxbury, meanwhile, some students who had been attending comparatively modern, if all-black, schools were to be bused over to Southie's 73-year-old building, where classes were sometimes interrupted by the huge chunks of plaster that had a way of falling off the ceiling.

It was hardly any secret that there was going to be trouble. Even before the busing plan was announced, Louis Jaffe, a Harvard law professor and consultant to the Massachusetts Department of Education, strongly urged that Southie be exempted from the plan. "The people," he wrote in his report, "have a history of being hostile to outsiders." Once the plan was released, the cries of "never" were immediate. One group of Southie men marched over to the local precinct house and bluntly informed the police commander that they were going to start carrying guns on the street in preparation for the trouble that was sure to come. Mayor Kevin White arrived on the scene and tried to cajole the men out of their threat. "Well," White said, in his best furrowed-brow style, "we fought to keep busing out, but now the state has really given it to us—in spades." Everyone laughed, but White raised his hand and said he didn't mean it as a joke. And everyone laughed again.

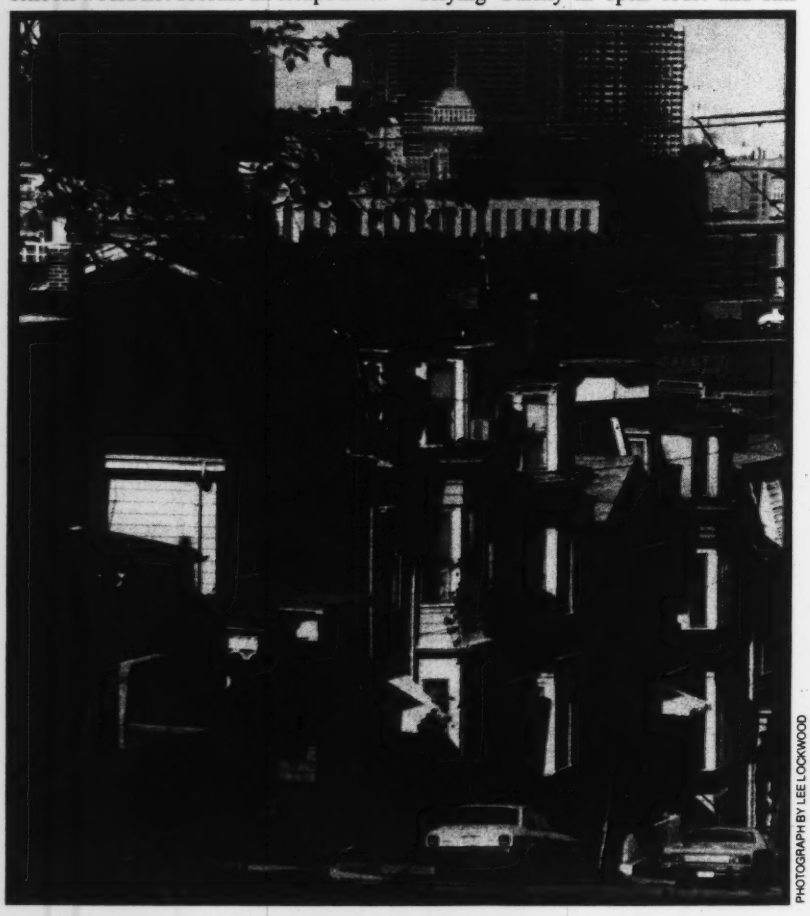
There has been little to laugh about since. Mayor White—in Southie he is now known as Mayor Black—has not been seen in Southie for some time, which is just as well since on warm fall evenings groups of Southie men stand on Broadway street corners and talk convincingly about what they would do if they got their hands on him. Teddy Kennedy, after a brief, violence-marked appearance before a crowd of Southies outside the Federal Building at the very start of the troubles, has suddenly found that events in Washington demand his full-time personal attention. The *Globe*, which has had its building sniped at, its papers burned and one of its trucks dumped in the bay, is clearly shaken. "The truth of the matter is that as



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX WEBB

people went to the suburbs, we went with them," admits Tom Winship, the *Globe*'s editor, a supporter of busing and himself a suburbanite. "We always had the people of the inner city in our heart, but I guess it's hard to make them believe that." The Church, whose product is belief, has had a hard time in the marketplace lately, too. Some Southie Catholics were at the point of laying hold of Boston's cardinal, Portuguese-born Umberto Madieros, when he testified last spring before the legislature on behalf of racial balance. Later, Madieros announced that the parochial schools would not become an escape hatch for opponents of busing and, with that, closed off new enrollment. In response, Southies are staying away from St. Brigid's in droves. When the collection for the "Cardinal's Fund" was taken up a couple of Sundays ago, many Southies put notes in their envelopes telling the cardinal where to go.

Southie has only its own leaders to look to now, and they are behaving predictably. At a city hall rally not long ago, Southie's city councilor, Albert "Dapper" O'Neill, suitably silver of hair and ruddy of cheek, hoisted an American flag as if he were raising it on Mt. Suribachi, while the crowd sang along with a chorus of "God Bless America." Louise Day Hicks has been, at least by South Boston standards, lying low, and the rumor is that she fears a federal indictment for conspiring to deprive people of their civil rights. These days Southie's most effective spokesman is Ray Flynn, a 36-year-old former professional basketball player who was elected to the state legislature four years ago largely on his vow to keep busing from Southie. Now that it has arrived, Flynn spends all but two hours of every day in service to the cause. He has made points in Southie by defying Garrity in open court and still



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE LOCKWOOD

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX WEBB

more points for being the target of what he says is a group of violent black extremists. He is a hero in Southie now, cheered in restaurants like the Pleasure Bay Club where they play "Southie Is My Home Town" when he walks through the door, and hailed at the annual South Boston Little League banquet where, he says with some awe, "they cheered me like I was Bobby Orr or Carl Yazstremski." Flynn speaks to any group that will hear him and has logged thousands of air miles in recent weeks flying around to places like Detroit and Denver to rally the faithful. Flynn even stopped in on Sam Ervin to ask his advice about hiring a constitutional lawyer. Mr. Sam recommended Charles Allen Wright or Phillip Kurland, and Flynn has now mounted a fund-raising drive to pay the legal fees for an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The fact that such an appeal is almost surely doomed deters Flynn and his constituents not at all. Flynn draws his strength, he says, from an Irish ballad called "Four Green Fields," which speaks of the struggle to make the four provinces of Ireland free. And then to prove it, Flynn puts on a record of the song and, in a lilting baritone, with eyes closed, sings along with the words:

> What did I have?
> I had four green fields,
> And each one was a jewel.
> But a stranger came
> And tried to take them from me.
> What did I have?
> I had four strong sons.
> They fought to save my jewels.
> They fought and they died
> And that was my grief, said she.
>
> I had four green fields,
> One of them in bondage
> In strangers' hands
> That tried to take it from me.
> My sons they have sons
> As brave as their fathers
> And my fourth green field
> Will bloom again, said she. *

"Here lies the city of Boston/The land of the bean and the cod/Where judges make foolish decisions/In competition with God"

As the record ends, Ray Flynn pauses a moment and then opens his eyes. And, if you look closely, you can see the beginnings of tears.

There is something very Irish about fighting for a cause, especially a hopeless one. It is almost as if the real triumph is not in the victory, but in the glorious, suicidal struggle for it. On the walls of the South Boston Information Center, the command post for the busing opponents, there are pictures of the American Revolution and hand-drawn posters with long quotes from Madison and Pope Pius XI about sacrifices for the sake of liberty. The best saying, however, bears no attribution. It reads:

> Here lies the City of Boston,
> The land of the Bean and the Cod,
> Where judges make foolish decisions
> In competition with God.

When a hundred Southies decided to say a public rosary beseeching God to change Judge Garrity's mind, they chose the Dorchester Heights national monument as the place to say it. There, a plaque says, a small group of Americans wheeled up cannon on the night of March 4, 1776, and by so doing, compelled the British to evacuate Boston. The symbolism was lost on no one.

The kids who swill six-packs of beer in front of the Rabbit Inn and talk about "killing niggers" and "blowing up the bridges into Southie" say they take their cue from Belfast. "Our brothers are fighting for their liberty there, we'll fight for ours here. It will be guerrilla war," says 16-year-old Dennie O'Shea, doing his best to stand erect from the aftereffects of several cold brews. Most of the adults talk more calmly, but their meaning is the same. "Give up? Never," says Carey. "We are not a people who give up. Look at Ireland." When Carey is reminded that the Irish have been fighting for 800 years and the British aren't gone yet, he merely shrugs it off. "Well," he says, "eight hundred years is only a point in time. It's not over yet."

Few Southies, in fact, talk about their own fight ending, or can imagine

*Excerpts from "Four Green Fields" by Tommy Makem

what possible compromise can bring it to a close. However unrealistic they may be about some things, they seem to realize that the government is in the fight to stay, too. So, aside from vague talk about a constitutional amendment, there is no real goal or strategy, only battles and tactics. The truth is that many Southies rather like what they are up to today, especially the attention it has won them. "The whole nation is watching us. They're depending on us," is an incantation one hears over and over again. Being noticed is a heady tonic for a people who have been all but ignored for 150 years. Stir in a healthy larder of racism, suspicion and legitimate fear and mix it together with the wildest sort of romanticism, and the real wonder about Southie is not that one black has been beaten but that someone hasn't been lynched.

As it is, the racism in Southie is ugly enough. The Ku Klux Klan arrived almost as the first school buses were pulling up to Southie High, and, not long afterward, white power slogans, sometimes topped with a shamrock, began to sprout on deserted storefronts. Not that Southie needed outside tutoring. Decent, law-abiding folk like Ellen McGrath, a 44-year-old receptionist, former welfare recipient and mother of three, talk about "knowing colored," working with them and believing that "some colored is good just like some white is good." From there, the understanding rapidly falls off. More common is the attitude of Peter De Grandis, who lives in the D Street projects. Peter backs the school boycott for a simple reason: "I don't like niggers." Peter, by the way, is 8 years old.

Significantly, some of the toughest talk comes from teenagers who, thanks to Southie's isolation, have never encountered a black, much less sat down to talk to one. What they know is what they have heard either from their friends or around the family dinner table. They are not bashful about their prejudice; on the contrary, like Tommy Lee, the son of a beer truck driver who is now "off in the crazy house," they take a certain, rough pride in it, perhaps because it sounds so horrifying to outsiders. "Sure, I'm prejudiced," says Tommy, with a verbal swagger. "We're all prejudiced We hate the boneheads. And you know why? Because my mother hates the boneheads. A good Catholic woman, too. Gone to church all her life. And hates niggers. Hypocritical, sure. What's wrong with that? Everyone is a hypocrite." Tommy Lee's knowledge of blacks, like that of most of his friends, comes mostly secondhand. His uncle told him about this black, a cousin who was in the service told him about another. Tommy himself wouldn't go near Roxbury. "You know the niggers are crazy," he says. "Like those six niggers in Roxbury last year. Poured gas all over that poor girl who wasn't doing nothing, and threw a match. Torched her. For nothing. Just because they are crazy, jungle bunny crazy."

Though Tommy Lee would be the last to say it, he fears blacks as much as he hates them. He is almost nervous as he talks about them. And even as he promises "to shoot the first nigger in the head" who sets foot on his block, you can sense that, for now at least, he is relieved that he won't have to face the opportunity. "They're away over there in Columbia Point, across the bay. It's like across the fucking ocean," he says, seeming grateful for the gulf.

What Southie is unable to understand is why anyone in his right mind would want to cross it. What is it about Southie that after 150 years makes it so suddenly attractive? "How does it improve a kid's education to bus him from a black slum to a white slum," a man asks a waitress at a Broadway luncheonette. The man has only one answer. "It's communistic. Like Russia. That's all there is to it." The fear in the back of every Southie's mind is that busing will be only the first step in a grand scheme by white liberal suburban plotters to transform their entire neighborhood. Bill Owens, a black state legislator from Roxbury, made the specter a little more real some weeks back when he said that blacks would not only go to school in Southie, "We'll work there and, yes, we'll live there, too, if we want."

The real wonder of Southie is not that one black has been beaten, but that none has been lynched

As far as Southie is concerned, Owens's warning is the nightmare come true. Already, Southie High's football team, traditionally the most powerful in the city, and a source of enormous neighborhood pride, has been destroyed. The merger with Roxbury would have forced Southie to change its colors, and, rather than submit, the team voted to disband, and the Southies can only wonder what will be the next to go. Many Southies regard blacks not so much as people but as a plague, a disease that rots whatever neighborhood it touches. They are in no mood for reasoned explanations from city hall or the chancery about the culture of poverty and the effects of family disintegration. The one sociological statistic that impresses them is the violent crime rate; the police district which encompasses Roxbury and part of Dorchester has, on a per capita basis, four times the number of rapes, three times the aggravated assaults, and nine times the armed robberies that Southie has. If poor blacks move in and make Southie what has been made of Roxbury and Columbia Point, the Irish won't have the option of moving to the suburbs. Beneath the boasting chauvinism about Southie and its supposed wonders, many live there only because they must. They stayed and made a tradition of rugged self-reliance because, for the shanty Irish, there was no choice, nowhere else to go. The $7,000 or $10,000 mortgages they have on their tattered three-deckers represent a lifetime investment. And, as they see it, they and that investment are now threatened by forces wholly beyond their understanding or control. And, being stuck, they have become die-hards by necessity.

"Our trouble is that we are poor and powerless, but not the right kind of poor and powerless," says Jerry Carey. "We don't have affirmative action working for us, or minority preference in hiring. And the Civil Liberties Union doesn't consider our plight worthy of their attention. If blacks want to control their neighborhood and their schools, that's called community control and everyone thinks it's a good thing.If we want to control our neighborhood and our schools, that's called racism and the Department of Justice flies in a squad of lawyers to see if we are conspiring to deprive people of their civil rights. I mean, what the hell do you call a situation like that?"

What the older fellas in Southie call it is the "shaaaft," the same shaft that generations of well-bred Yankees have been slipping them, their fathers and their father's fathers ever since they got off the boat and walked over the tracks to Southie. Busing, they say, is simply a variation on an old, old theme. It's the Yankees they really blame, not the blacks, who, many people in Southie say, don't want busing any more than they do. "If they really want quality education," says one boycott organizer at the South Boston Information Center, "then why don't they bus the colored out to the swanky schools in their neighborhoods. And, I'll tell you one thing, if they do, I'll put my kid on that bus, too." He pauses for a moment, and then, garrulously Irish, he can't help adding a final word, "And I'll tell you another thing, too. That'll never happen." ●

President Ford
puts his wisdom to work to
cure your economic ills

Dear Jerry,

Dear Mr. President,
I don't understand. If everyone spends less money, and demand goes down, and supply is reduced, and unemployment goes up, and more people have to live off of the government, well, doesn't all that spell depression?
Confused
Joplin, Mo.

Dear Confused,
I don't understand your question. The Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary defines "depression" as "low spirits; gloominess; dejection; sadness." Now, speaking for myself, I'm on TV, I'm getting to travel around the world, I'm meeting famous people—I've never been happier. So what's this talk about depression?

* * *

Dear President Ford,
Do you want to cut inflation? Do you? Then start with welfare—eliminate the goddamn dole and you'll see a healthy economy pronto. Figure it out—who's on a spending binge in this country? Certainly not the rich—they save or invest more than half of their incomes. It's the welfare bums who recklessly spend *every penny they receive*!
Remember what Lincoln said: "God must have hated the poor people, else why did he make them poor?"
Fed Up
Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Fed Up,
No problem. I have determined that the Pentagon's budget will have to be quadrupled in the coming year, so there will be precious little money available for welfare.

* * *

Dear Mr. President,
I'm in a quandary. I just received an invitation to a $100-a-plate Republican fund-raising dinner. Normally, I would attend without giving it a second thought, but you recently said we should all cut out unnecessary expenses. Please advise.
Guilty Conscience
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Guilty,
Rest easy. Your attendance is not only necessary but is absolutely vital to the very survival of our nation as we know it.

* * *

Dear Mr. President,
I've tried everything, but I can't seem

to make ends meet. Don't you have any new suggestions?
Curious
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear Curious,
There are many things you can do. Shoes, for example. Most people throw out the pair if one shoe wears out. Wrong. Keep the good one—there's a 50-50 chance that in your next pair, the opposite one will survive, and you'll be left with a wearable pair. If the shoe fits, wear it—don't throw it away.
Water will stretch your dollars, too—dilute your milk, soda or wine by 50 percent and double your spending power. And all of us can afford to eat less. Just for starters, cut out all between-snack meals.

* * *

Dear President Ford,
I'm sick and tired of hearing about raising gasoline taxes while the majority of the population gets off scot-free. When, oh when, will the freeloading pedestrian start paying his fair share?
Fuming
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Fuming,
A "walking toll" on users of the nation's fine sidewalk system is in the works. It does seem only fair that users of this engineering marvel (note the placing of roads between virtually all sidewalks, facilitating travel from one to another) should be asked to pay their way.
It looks as if it will take four toll booths at each intersection (one on each corner) to provide adequate protection against toll evaders.

* * *

Dear Mr. President,
We followed your advice and let our cat out for 10 seconds instead of a full minute, to conserve heat in our home. We are now up to our ears in cat shit. What should we do?
Anxious
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Anxious,
If you can't write nicely, don't write at all.

* * *

Dear Mr. President,
We know that in the winter, most electricity is used in the hours of darkness. So by cutting the number of minutes in daylight hours from 60 to 45, we would gain four extra hours for daytime activities (16 instead of 12).
To maintain the tradition of the 24-hour day, the remaining eight hours could each be 90 minutes long—we'll be sleeping then anyway and won't notice.
Inventive
Lincoln, Neb.

Dear Inventive,
What a coincidence—Bill Simon suggested the same thing to me just last week.

* * *

Dear Mr. President,
The surest way to fight inflation is to travel around in search of the best buys. Liquor, for example, is amazingly cheap on most South Atlantic islands, meats are cheapest in the Midwest, and a recent price war in Phoenix saw quarts of Coca-Cola going for 20 cents apiece. I can't understand why people are too lazy to go to these places and buy these cheaper items.
Penny Wise
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Penny Wise,
As a champion Bargain Seeker, you will be the first to receive my brand-new button, which bears the initials "B.S." I think that says it all.

* * *

Got a question about the economy? Send it to DEAR JERRY c/o NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

The consulting con game

By Edward Roeder

In the go-go '60s, when interest rates were low and money plentiful, a new breed of very respectable con men was born—the phony consultants. Like many of their legitimate colleagues, they came out of the universities, wore tweed coats and smoked Oak Briar pipes. Many of them had spent large chunks of their lives studying for Ph.D.s and teaching as obscure associate professors. They read weighty books, delivered tedious lectures and graded reams of repetitive student exams. If they were masters of anything, it was academic newspeak.

While consultants have been around for years, it wasn't until the emergence of the Great Society, when the opportunities for profiteering in social service government contracts became as good as they had been in military contracts, that the academics swelled the ranks of the consulting business. Having learned at school that men are judged not by what they know but by the letters and titles after their names, droves of these junior professors soon found how easy it was to double their salaries by cutting themselves into the Great Society cash flow. By hiring out their Ph.D.-guaranteed expertise to private business and government agencies at $100 a day or more —advising agencies how to set up programs, what objectives they could hope to accomplish, and often running the programs themselves—they were able to tap the surplus money and slowly worm their way into positions of confidence and power.

In the private sector, the easy money has since dried up, driving consultants increasingly to feed off the understaffed and overpledged governmental agencies. Today, in and near the government, there exists a loose social and professional network of "experts" and officials who bounce around, in and out of different levels of bureaucracy and to and from the universities, foundations, private "centers" and institutes. They meet and reunite at conventions and seminars, on panels and working as consultants to each other. In Jack Anderson's column, such people are called "cronies." In the industry, they are called "associates."

No one knows how big the consulting industry is today, because there is no way to define it. There is no index of gross sales in consulting services, because self-respecting consultants don't engage in crass "selling" any more than architects or engineers. Instead, they work out arrangements, grants, contracts and projects based upon "proposals."

In which university professors become government consultants, approve educational program grants, require subcontract kickbacks and collect big money

There are reportedly a lot of honest consultants, and this writer knows a few. But most, who operate behind the scenes outside the bureaucratic safeguards and delays of the system, receive too little public scrutiny. They can turn out to be someone like E. Howard Hunt, a former White House consultant and $100-a-day project director for an Office of Education contract at the time he engineered the Watergate break-in. They can be beneficiaries of absurd wastes of the taxpayers' money, such as the $23,000 HEW research study entitled "An Evaluation and Parameterization of Stability and Safety Performance of Two and Three-wheeled Vehicular Toys for Riding." (The study's chief conclusions? Tikes fall off trikes because they either (a) lose their balance, or (b) collide with objects.)

Or, they can simply be clever men who invent fraudulent schemes for their own profit.

What follows is one such case, the con game of a trio of consultants who latched onto the Emergency School Assistance Program (ESAP), part of HEW's Office of Education. Aside from collecting fat consulting fees from ESAP, these men were able to award sizable contracts to phony grantees created by themselves or their friends, and to require legitimate grantees—usually small, black, Southern universities—to kick back a portion of their federal funds to bogus consulting firms in which they had an interest.

The three were Timothy F. Regan, now a management consultant with the Washington, D.C., firm of A. P. Kearney (working on HEW programs); Henry G. Scharles, then and now professor and chairman of the Department of Marketing at Georgetown University in Washington; and Paul A. Walsh, a consultant with whom the other two worked, now a professor of education at Lesley College in Cambridge, Mass.

Regan, 38 and the father of eight kids, educated at Phillips Academy and Tufts, was known as a personable man, "easy to get along with." "Hank" Scharles, dark-haired and a little paunchy, was derisively referred to by one ESAP colleague

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FREAS

as "laughing Henry." At Florida Atlantic University he was voted "most popular professor" in the 1960s, and today he is well-liked on the Georgetown campus. As one ESAP staffer put it, "Paul [Walsh] and Tim [Regan] knew they were crooks, whereas Hank thought of himself as 'good old Hank.' "

Walsh, 41, whom many of the program staff regarded as the ringleader of the three, is described by associates as bright but "paranoid as hell." Another observed, "He's devious. He would go behind people's backs. We had a lot of young political types hanging around the program and Walsh would always be the first to try to get next to them, next to any new power. He was always talking about 'my friends at the White House.' He was power hungry."

In December of 1970, after establishing their credentials consulting in and for the government, these three joined the Community Groups section of the Emergency School Assistance Program, (ESAP/CG)—created by Nixon in March 1970, and budgeted at $7.5 million with only a vague stipulation that the money be used to help in school desegregation problems.

When Regan, Scharles and Walsh were brought in as consultants, the program was already three months behind schedule and pressure was mounting to "get the money out." One of their first duties was to sit on review panels to evaluate grants proposals received. As it developed, the three consultants became regular members of review panels, and nearly always constituted a majority.

From the start, the director of the program, Mel Johnson, was beset with problems. For one thing, he suspects the only reason he got the job was because he was black and had some background in OEO civil rights work in the South. Aside from the fact that the program had been given a low priority, Johnson had had no administrative experience to direct a $7 million plus program. At its peak, his staff numbered seven: Johnson, four other professionals and two secretaries. He had to start from scratch setting up procedures, guidelines and criteria for grant applicants. Johnson was repeatedly denied authority to hire more staff with the expertise he felt was needed. Instead, he was told to bring in consultants. He did so—Scharles, Regan and Walsh. At first he was greatly impressed with the professionalism of Dr. Walsh. Later he was to say, "I, perhaps naively, trusted him. . . . I was taken."

Johnson had been instructed to have review panels pass judgment on all proposals funded. But he wasn't given any instruction as to how to establish review panels, whom to appoint to them or what they were supposed to do. Into this void came Paul Walsh, and Johnson gave him responsibility for setting up all review panels.

Under Walsh's direction, review panels functioned very informally and kept few records. A memo prepared by one of the original ESAP/CG staff explains:

Beginning in mid-December responsibility for convening and conducting virtually all proposal review panels rested not with Mr. Johnson but with Dr. Paul Walsh. Mel Johnson took no part, not even as an observer, in any review panel which we are aware of. . . .

As a general rule proposals were reviewed in a brief, even cursory manner. At times this procedure reached points of near absurdity, as on January 10, 1971, when Drs. Walsh, Regan and Scharles "reviewed" approximately 17 proposals, none of which had been read beforehand and some of which approached 40 pages in length, in some 2½ hours.

On February 1 Mel Johnson appointed Walsh as "Acting Deputy Director of ESAP." The appointment only legitimized Walsh's gradual takeover of the administrative affairs of ESAP/CG, and underscored the fact that, at the time, Walsh had Johnson's full support.

The proposal review panels were selected by Walsh. Johnson says that Walsh, Scharles and Regan were the members, and the only members, of the

panels that reviewed the grants mentioned below.

Golden Triangle Education Association

The first fraudulent grant application the three approved was from Golden Triangle Education Association of St. Petersburg, Florida. Paul Walsh personally received Golden Triangle's grant application on March 15, 1971. There was a snag, however, in funding the organization because an Office of Education contracts and grants officer refused to sign off on a contract for an organization that didn't legally exist. So, on March 31, Golden Triangle incorporated. Four days later, a grant of $52,310 was approved.

Golden Triangle's charter lists as incorporators James F. Snelling, a small-time St. Pete attorney, his wife, Joyce Snelling, and Patricia Roedel, Snelling's law office receptionist/secretary.

According to Mrs. Snelling (who likes to interrupt her husband when she is afraid he will misspeak), the idea of forming Golden Triangle was first suggested to her by Bob King, a friend and former legal client of her husband. King was soon to go into the consulting business with Timothy Regan. Their St. Petersburg firm, PRT, Inc., lists King as president, Regan as vice-president and Scharles as research director.

At King's suggestion, the Snellings flew to Washington to meet with "Dr. Regan" in February of 1971. They later unlawfully paid for the grant-hunting trip with funds from their grant. Regan was so eager to help the Snellings that he wrote their proposal for them, and, with Scharles and Walsh, approved it. The Snellings later paid Regan $305 from the grant funds for his services. They also gave a total of $1,232 in grant funds to King, for his expenses and consulting help. Small potatoes, but not bad for a quick start.

The proposal was a good one, mixing just the right amounts of social science program jargon with vernacular. The objectives were "to strengthen and expand existing links between the black and white communities, and thus change attitudes. . . ." But it was also a fraud. For example, it claimed:

—Golden Triangle has worked for a year in efforts similar to the one proposed. (In fact, Golden Triangle had not done anything observable in the field of race relations during the previous year. It cannot reasonably be said that Golden Triangle existed for a year prior to the grant.).

—It [Golden Triangle] has provided professional leadership and communications to the community. (Again, this appears to have been totally without basis in fact.)

—The proposed personnel have all been active in the desegregation effort. (The proposed staff of Golden Triangle had no previous discernible experience in any desegregation efforts.)

—Golden Triangle is one of the few organizations with both professional and community credibility. (In fact, Golden Triangle was almost unknown.)

Though the proposal may have been well written, it described a program that the Snellings had neither the ability nor the intention to implement. For the first several months of the program, Golden Triangle apparently did nothing on its program but "set up" and dispense money to the Snellings, a small staff, King and Regan.

There's no telling how the Snellings might have spent the rest of their grant moneys, had they been able to assemble the shell of a functioning grant program. In response to a call from a tipster, the St. Petersburg *Times*, Florida's most aggressive big city newspaper, began looking into the organization. A series of articles and editorials in the *Times* reported that Golden Triangle had received the $52,000 grant, was apparently doing nothing, and refused to make its records available for public inspection.

After ESAP/CG received queries and complaints from local civil rights organizations, congressmen and the paper, a program officer was dispatched to investigate the grant project. In a covering memo

The trick is to write up the grant proposal for the university, including a required subcontract for a bogus consulting firm to advise on program fulfillment, and then approve the grant.

to her site visit report, the program officer recommended "that an HEW audit of the program be made and that the project be terminated at once." The HEW audit was made and further funding was halted, but no action was taken against the Snellings or Regan.

According to Mel Johnson, Regan sat on the review panel for Golden Triangle. Whether or not a court might find that Regan had a criminal conflict of interests could depend upon whether or not Regan, at the time he reviewed the proposal, knew that he or King might be receiving grant moneys from Golden Triangle. He wrote the proposal (for the grantees), approved it (for the federal government), and then sent a bill to the grantee (for himself). Asked if such a set of relationships and actions would constitute a conflict of interests, an Office of Education contracts and grants officer replied, "You're goddamn right it does."

In retrospect, the Snellings say they are sorry they ever got involved with ESAP/CG. They admit that Golden Triangle failed to accomplish anything in its nine months of existence, but they claim to have been underpaid for their work on it.

University Grants

Though no authority was ever officially given to do so, Dr. Paul Walsh separated grants to universities and colleges from the rest of the grants awarded by ESAP/CG. After a review by a panel, grant proposals receiving approval are routinely processed by program officers who check to see that budget items are reasonable, arithmetic is correct and all items are complete. According to Johnson and others then on the ESAP/CG staff, Walsh had great latitude on college and university applications, and occasionally demanded that they be processed without any cuts.

The schools which served as funnels for ESAP/CG money from the Office of Education to private consulting firms were similar in several ways. All were small and ill-equipped to deal with the federal bureaucracy; they were institutionally intimidated by the Office of Education. The ESAP/CG grant awarded to each school was among the largest grants each had ever received. Officials at each school were told by Walsh, Regan and/or Scharles that they should spend a significant part of their grant funds on a consulting subcontract. All chose to go with the flow and award major subcontracts to spurious firms, rather than risk offending the consultants who held the federal purse strings.

Prairie View A & M and Florida Tech

Two universities, Prairie View A & M University, near Houston, Texas, and Florida Technological University, outside Orlando, signed identical subcontracts with a bogus California consulting firm, on the same date, to perform the same work, and for the same fee. ESAP/CG project directors at both schools refused to open records and discuss possible improprieties in the subcontracts. Dr. Ivory Nelson of Prairie View declined to answer any questions, claiming, "This is a private matter. I won't discuss it." Though it was pointed out that the "private matter" involved the diversion of public funds, Nelson remained adamant, saying only, "I am not releasing any information."

Officials at Florida Tech University initially refused to disclose information about their grant, particularly about the subcontract they arranged. But Florida Tech is an agency of the state of Florida, and therefore its personnel and documents are subject to the disclosure requirements of the Florida "Government in the Sunshine" law. After a brief round of threats and negotiations with the university's attorney, the grant files were made available for inspection. Dr. Leslie Ellis, director of Research & Graduate Studies (chief grant-getter), and Dr. Calvin C. Miller, dean of the Florida Tech College of Education, hesitatingly answered some questions about Florida Tech's grant.

Neither university applied for ESAP/CG funds until after being contacted by Walsh. In December of 1970, when he had been an ESAP/CG consultant for only a few weeks, Dr. Walsh telephoned Dean Miller saying he had a lot of money to give away and that Florida Tech should consider applying for a chunk

The payoff: The bogus consulting firm gets its fee from the university—and, as a director of the firm, player pockets the money.

of it. In January of 1971, Walsh visited Florida Tech and repeated his suggestion to Miller and Dr. Ellis. They submitted a proposal.

The proposal was reviewed and approved in full by Regan, Scharles and Walsh. Florida Tech was awarded $154,879.85. The purpose of the grant is explained in the final report, but the first sentence summarizes the dross: "The fundamental purpose of the program was to improve classroom instruction and learning in a multi-cultural setting through the use of individualized methods and approaches."

Like Florida Tech, Prairie View A & M decided to apply for an ESAP/CG grant only after a visit by Walsh (this one in mid-February). The three consultants approved $140,000 for Prairie View on March 26.

Neither Florida Tech nor Prairie View had a budget provision for a major consulting contract, but Walsh and Scharles soon went to work to correct that. Within a month, both universities decided to sign identical subcontracts with a bogus California consulting firm called Technical Research Associates (TRA)—a firm with which both Walsh and Regan had indirect financial connections.

Florida Tech's Dr. Ellis claimed to this reporter that he had known of TRA "reputationally," and knew of its work in the Southwest and California before he signed the subcontract. In a letter to the U.S. Office of Education attempting to justify the TRA subcontract, Ellis later wrote: "In March of 1971, Technical Research Associates was identified as one of several organizations with the kinds of expertise needed to provide technical assistance vital to the goals, purposes and objectives of our grant." More gibberish.

Only after much hemming and hawing, and at the suggestion that they might have acted illegally in awarding the subcontract, did Miller and Ellis admit that Paul Walsh had suggested to them that Florida Tech give $42,000 of its grant money to TRA.

At Prairie View, meanwhile, Scharles had paid a visit resulting in Dr. Nelson's decision to subcontract with TRA. Nelson apparently was not eager to enter into the subcontract, and he wrote to Walsh expressing reservations about the legality of such a subcontract. "In addition," Nelson wrote, "it is my opinion that the cost of these services TRA is proposing is somewhat exaggerated."

Officials at both schools wrote to Walsh requesting revisions in their approved budgets. Though as a consultant Walsh had no authority to approve changes in grants or to approve subcontracts, he ignored the regulations and approved them anyway. For their part, the university officials ignored the rules governing grantees and entered into unlawful subcontracts.

On April 15, TRA signed identical $42,000 subcontracts with both Prairie View and Florida Tech. Both contracts contained bafflegab calling for TRA to do little in the way of definable work beyond filing three reports. And the double-dealing meant that TRA would collect twice from ESAP/CG funds—a total of $84,000—for the same nonsense reports.

The alleged professional reputation of TRA cited by Florida Tech's Dr. Ellis as his reason for entering the subcontract with the firm was apparently a lie made up by either Ellis or Walsh. The Articles of Incorporation for TRA were not even filed with the California secretary of state until June 24, 1971—some five weeks after the Prairie View and Florida Tech subcontracts were signed.

TRA apparently did provide Florida Tech with some learning materials—the same materials provided to Prairie View, although both schools were billed for consulting time in developing them.

"Perhaps naively," says the government program director, "I trusted him. I was taken"

Office of Education officials caught on to the TRA subcontracts, but too late to stop payments. A year later, after the three consultants were long gone from ESAP/CG, a program officer analyzed the Florida Tech grant and concluded in a report:

1. The subcontract was unnecessary in that the services could be performed directly by the grantee.
2. The subcontract was made with the intent to defraud the Government. . . .
3. The grantee has, at this point, collaborated with the subcontractor. . . .

Nevertheless, Regan, Scharles and Walsh had approved grants yielding $84,000 worth of subcontracts for TRA. TRA then dispersed some of the money by hiring Regan's St. Petersburg consulting firm, PRT, to work on the subcontract. And, in turn, Regan's consulting firm later hired Walsh. Such was the circuitous route by which the money was recycled.

Southern University

The con game worked on Southern University near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was similar to those arranged at Florida Tech and Prairie View. But for sheer gall almost totally unmitigated by cautious scheming, the Southern University subcontract surpasses the others.

Regan, Scharles and Walsh approved a $223,000 grant award to Southern University (the largest single ESAP/CG grant awarded to a university) in March of '71.

It's not clear who came up with the idea that Southern University should give 20 percent of its grant to a phony consulting firm, but it wasn't anyone at Southern University. Early in the development of the idea, Scharles visited the Office of Education's contracts and grants office in Dallas, to discuss changing the Southern University budget. According to Scharles' report of his visit, "The conference provided valuable insights regarding the elements necessary in a satisfactory budget, the concerns of contract officers regarding description of budget items in the budget, and practices occasionally encountered in proposals due to ignorance or other reasons. . . ."

In other words, Scharles learned what could be gotten away with. Then he met with Dr. Raymond Floyd, project director at Southern University, "to facilitate completion of the revised budget."

On May 31, Scharles and Walsh rammed a $44,987 subcontract down Southern University's grant-seeking throat. Dr. Floyd now views the subcontract as "an unfortunate thing, it never should have happened." Floyd says he "didn't particularly want the subcontract. . . . I didn't pursue it. There was no promotion from this end, but it was strongly recommended by HEW." With the greatest reluctance, Floyd disclosed the name of the official who pushed for the subcontract: Paul Walsh, who had also pushed Florida Tech and Prairie View into their TRA subcontracts. Floyd is quite irate that most of his communication with the ESAP/CG office had been in the form of telephone conversations with Walsh. He feels that he and Southern University have been had, but he has little in the way of documentary evidence to prove what happened.

Floyd felt he had to choose between signing the agreement and losing his grant. He at first declined to sign, but he says Walsh told him that the funds might be held up, or the grant canceled, without the subcontract for technical assistance. Floyd says he doubted the le-

gitimacy of the subcontract and discussed alternatives with Leon Netterville (aging chief executive of Southern University). "I met with my president and he said we'd better sign. It was a mutual feeling that we had no choice but to sign."

Floyd's reservations about the subcontract were well-founded.

The consulting firm that got the Southern University subcontract was Essential Resources, Inc., which, not surprisingly, was incorporated by Henry Scharles. Apparently the consultants were reluctant to invest the $25 required to obtain a corporate charter for a phony consulting firm until they had a sure thing, a contract in hand. Articles of Incorporation for Essential Resources, Inc., were filed in the District of Columbia on July 15, six weeks after the subcontract was signed and a week after the first payment was received from Southern University. Thus, like TRA, Essential Resources had no legal standing to enter into a contract.

Dr. Floyd sent Walsh a copy of the subcontract on June 23, 1971. His cover letter said, "Please note that the budget was internally adjusted to recognize the subcontract with Essential Resources, Inc., executed on May 31, 1971." Telephone acknowledgment of the letter by Walsh was the only approval given the subcontract.

Since the budget change was never officially authorized in writing by the regional contracts officer, it was unlawful and invalid. So was the subcontract, for the same reasons. No one in the Office of Education knew about the subcontract or budget changes except the consultants.

In typical grants and contracts newspeak, Essential Resources agreed in the subcontract to supply Southern University with "the results of background research on past projects involved with the effective learning and attitudinal modification as they relate to the planned change process and leadership development . . . also included will be a survey of ongoing ESAP/CG programs with regional relevance to the grantee." In other words, at the very least, Southern University should have gotten some old research papers and an ESAP newsletter.

Essential Resources also promised to furnish "competent experts" in areas such as "change process, organization, development, communication, group processes and leadership development," and to provide "personnel to assist [Southern University] at the program stages of planning, development, operation and evaluation."

Instead, the most thoughtful work apparently put into the Southern University project by Essential Resources was the drafting and typing of the contract. In a final letter to Essential Resources president Edward Davis, written after Southern University had already paid Essential Resources some $33,140.25, Floyd said, "The services which were to have been provided by Essential Resources, Inc., . . . have not in any stretch of the imagination been provided."

Essential Resources apparently visited Southern University only once or twice (unless Scharles' visits on behalf of ESAP/CG at government expense are included as Essential Resources visits). The only work products Essential Resources provided to Southern were one letter and a five-page, double-spaced site visit report.

The $33,140.25 went into a Washington bank account set up for Essential Resources by Scharles—from which checks were written to another consulting firm in St. Petersburg. The checks were received and endorsed by Regan, and the money eventually was deposited into the account of his PRT consulting firm. Once again, the money had been cleverly recycled.

But for sheer gall almost totally unmitigated by cautious scheming, the Southern University subcontract surpasses the others

Regan, Scharles and/or Walsh tried with varying degrees of success and profit to work other rip offs on other small colleges and universities, including Savannah State College and Atlanta University in Georgia, Florida Memorial College, Essex Community College near Baltimore and Millersville State College in Pennsylvania. There may have been still others, and it boggles the mind to contemplate all the federal, state and local grants and contracts received by their business associates in consulting firms, legitimate and otherwise.

Over a year ago, when research for this article indicated that criminal activity had apparently occurred, this writer turned over to the Frauds Division of the U.S. Attorney's Office in Washington a preliminary draft of this article. That division is noted for moving slowly but very successfully against white-collar criminals (who long before Watergate have abounded in Washington).

The U. S. Attorney's Office won't disclose details of their investigation, but an official said, "We are investigating conflicts of interests and potential conspiracy to defraud the United States government, and possible filing of false statements with the U.S. government [all felonies] in connection therewith." The official would not give names but said, "We intend to interview everyone connected with any aspect . . . that could have anything material to say." The official would not release names of those interviewed, but it has been learned that James Snelling of Golden Triangle Education Association and Dr. Raymond Floyd of Southern University are among those who have testified before a federal grand jury looking into the allegations. Additionally, FBI agents in at least a half-dozen cities have been making inquiries of university officials and others involved.

Scharles and Regan have both declined to comment on this article, based upon the advice of their attorneys, who have also declined to comment. Walsh says he has not hired an attorney yet, and denies all wrongdoing "absolutely." Told on the phone of the allegations to be contained in this report, Walsh said statements by officials of four different universities that he directed them to give subcontracts to bogus firms are "not true. . . . I never suggested a subcontractor." Walsh says he sees a conspiracy to "scapegoat the consultants" among officials of the universities and the Office of Education. "I never conned anybody," Walsh says. "I'm Mr. Straight."

It's not likely, though, that consulting con games will cease. Consultants who might worry that economic troubles will force a cutback in federal money available for consulting contracts can take heart from President Ford's televised address to a joint session of Congress last month. The President asked Congress to "create a brand-new Community Improvement Corps to provide work for the unemployed through short-term useful work projects to improve, beautify and enhance the environment. . . ." Is this a new program to be run by the government? No, it's to be run by "government contractors."

And the ears of consultants who specialize in rush-rush programs like the Emergency School Assistance Program must have perked up when President Ford announced his programs for volunteer Inflation Fighters and Energy Savers. "There will be no big new federal bureaucracy set up for this crash program." (Translated: the program will be managed by White House consultants.) ●

4 BEAUTIFUL RARE ANIMALS FOR YOUR HOME

At last, after centuries of thoughtless destruction, we as a race are starting to be increasingly concerned for the survival of the world's animal kingdom. We are starting to see that in destroying nature, we are destroying a part of ourselves.

We still have a long way to go. Like so many things, survival must start with our awareness and our understanding of the nature of life. Events that happen on the other side of the world often seem far removed from us. And yet, if the same thing was happening on our doorstep we would want to do all we could.

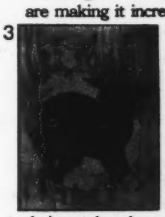
NOW YOU CAN HAVE FOUR BEAUTIFUL POSTERS FOR YOUR WALLS — IDEAL FOR FRAMING —

1

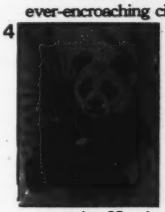
The Hawaiian Monk Seals live only in the Leeward Isles, northwest of Hawaii. This charming little warm-water seal has no natural predators, and their very fearlessness contributed to their near extinction. Now protected, they are starting to regain their numbers.

2

The Koala is in fact no relation to the bear. A native of Australia, this little animal lives in eucalyptus and blue gum trees. It grows to about three feet long and has a loving and charming disposition. The gradual elimination of its favorite trees, together with its natural shyness are making it increasingly rare.

3 

The Florida Key deer, smallest of all white-tailed deer, lives only in southern Florida, where it subsists swimming from island to island. Despite recent protection their numbers have been threatened by ever-encroaching civilization.

4 

The Giant Panda can only be found in a tiny area high in the bamboo forests of Western China, and is now being driven further and further into the remotest mountains. Now beginning to be bred in captivity it is undoubtedly one of the most lovable looking of all animals.

All four posters are original pen and wash drawings by Foundation artist, Jessica.

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Please send me the poster(s) I have checked below. (If you want more than one of each, please indicate number in box.)

1. SEALS	☐	3. DEER	☐
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Individual posters: $1.00 each.
$3.50 per set of 4 posters.
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Please mail my posters to:

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side trips

Mainlining on Main Street

Madisonville, Ky.—The corridors of North Hopkins High School bear little resemblance to the peeling brick walls of New York's 125th Street. The high school walls are stark, bright, antiseptic. But what takes place inside those corridors, if you ask the principal, the Presbyterian minister or the county sheriff, would put a Harlem street kid to shame.

Madisonville has found junk. And with the junk has come crime, big city crime: burglary, robberies, homicide. Since January, homicides have increased 500 percent in this West Kentucky coal town, and one of those homicides has grabbed the city's elders by the throat. It was the early morning death of Debbie Diane Fazenbaker, 17, the daughter of a leading Madisonville real estate broker.

The Fazenbaker family story has left Madisonville in a frenzy over its newfound crime wave. First there was Greg, 18, convicted of armed robbery last August and sentenced to 15 years; Greg started shooting at the beginning of the summer and tried knocking over a grocery store to pay for his habit. Then his sister Debbie, a sometime dabbler in dope, panicked, and her mother pulled her out of school. "Debbie messed with drugs, but not so deep as Greg," her mother says. "And she wanted out. She wanted us to take her out of school. Most of her friends were on drugs and she didn't think she could handle it there. She wanted us to send her somewhere's else."

Just the year before, Debbie's father had refused two chances at better jobs because he liked the warmth and security of small-town living. It was just that intimacy, Debbie's friends say, that caused her to panic, to fear that all the kids knew too much about each other, and that the whole scene could blow up into a compressed viciousness far worse than what happens on anonymous city streets.

Afraid to go out for almost two weeks, Debbie got a phone call early in the evening, September 25, from a close girlfriend. About 7:00 the girl came over and Debbie told her mother she would be back soon. By 9:30 Debbie was back and went directly to bed. Next morning her mother found her dead in bed, a victim of a morphine overdose.

High school friends packed the First Presbyterian Church the following Friday as the preacher scolded them for weeping instead of squealing. "If you won't come out and say where the drugs are coming from, then all the tears in the world won't mean anything!" Meanwhile, as the final strains of the eulogy settled over the church, a police dragnet was gathering up three of Debbie's friends, two of whom had left the Fazenbaker house with her two nights before. All three teenagers were charged with murder under a special Kentucky statute which defines death resulting in the process of committing a felony as murder.

A trial is scheduled to begin in mid-November, but few Madisonville townspeople feel it will make much difference to the size of the drug problem. Other trials will be coming up, too. On September 11, nine people were arrested on several drug charges, ranging from possessing marijuana to pushing heroin; one was also indicted for Debbie's death. One of the nine arrested told police he had sold $30,000 worth of heroin in July and Au-

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

gust. Police seized about $3,000 worth of heroin at the time of the raid.

"I know a lot of people will refuse to believe it, but about 80 percent of the kids who reach twelfth grade have tried at least marijuana," Police Capt. Kenneth Day claims. Certainly drug arrests have been booming, a reflection of a recent federal report that claims small-town heroin use has increased 100 percent in the last year. In 1971 two Hopkins County adults were arrested on drug charges; the number rose to 10 in 1972, 53 in 1973, and so far this year over 100 have been charged with use, possession or pushing. County ambulance operators report they have answered about 315 overdose calls in the last 12 months.

"It's just gotten to be where it runs all through these little towns down here," one very puzzled Main Street merchant said as he watched the traffic crawl past his store. "This is just coal country out here. We ain't never had anything like this. . . . I guess it's not even safe in the little towns these days. Till now I'd say the worst trouble we ever had was some of those college people comin' to try and close down the strip mines.

"Just think of it—$30,000 of dope in two months. And that's just from one kid. You know, there's not 30,000 people in Madisonville." **—By Frank Browning**

Connecticut's dear old Mom

New Haven, Conn.—Connecticut's next governor glided into the chair, grinned a toothy politician's smile and stared the strawberry blond cameraman straight in the lens. Today, it was Swedish television. In weeks past, newsmen had come from as far away as Italy and Saudi Arabia with clipboards and cameras, asking the same question in varying accents.

They came because she is a she and not a he, and that's big news. Ella Rosa Giovanna Oliva Tambussi Grasso, a small brown-haired woman with pixie eyes and a double chin, will be the first female chief executive of a state in the nation's history who has not followed her husband into office.

But to voters here, she is a modern-day enigma: a trusted, even loved, friend who is also a political pro, backed by one of the country's strongest Democratic machines. She is a fixture, as Connecticut as insurance companies. And no one is too excited about history in the making. They call her simply "Ella" and regard her as the mother-figure of state politics. In a time when honesty and sincerity is a ticket to victory, it is hard to deny dear old Mom.

Straightening her skirt and crossing her ankles under her chair to conceal her red, sneaker-like, slip-on shoes, she disposes of the first cliched question from Scandinavia's own Charles Kuralt. "I am running as Ella Grasso a person, not Ella Grasso a woman," she says earnestly.

That's the way it's always been. With a snappy, no-nonsense campaign style, a strong handshake and a direct stare, she has twice led all the men on the state ticket in votes during her 12-year reign as secretary of state. And two years ago, she bucked the Nixon tide to win a landslide reelection to Congress in her male-dominated district.

Running against an ambitious fellow congressperson, Bob Steele, the son and namesake of Hartford's best-known disc jockey, she is assured of victory.

Steele, a baby-faced former CIA agent in South America, has been running from morning to night searching for an opening to exploit. But less than a month before the election, he found himself 18 popularity points behind the energetic governess-to-be. (Steele's fate was formally sealed in October when Grasso seized on the issue of rising utility rate increases and uncovered illegal overcharges totaling $19 million—a position which endeared her to the denizens of this bedroom community state. Ella called her political coup icing on the cake.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE FRED

She shuns makeup and stylish clothes. The only jewelry she wears is a wedding ring and a watch on a thick leather band. In many ways, she is the ideal women's movement candidate—respected as a person, not as a woman. It's just like she says it should be.

But Grasso, an Italian Catholic, has earned the wrath of many of her Connecticut sisters for her strong anti-abortion stand. Others accuse her of sidestepping women's issues, avoiding controversy and running only on her 20-year-old political reputation as "good old Ella." "People know me, they know my style," she recites emotionlessly into the microphone. "They will judge me on my merits, not on my sex."

She knows the routine as well as she knows her own political strength. Unless she succumbs to overconfidence—an unusual danger among women candidates—Grasso will be judged a winner.

After the Swedes have packed their klieg lights and gone, the candidate consults briefly with husband Thomas, a retired junior high school principal who follows his wife on the trail and quietly relishes the idea of spending his retirement as America's first non-political First Gentleman.

Later will come a talk to the Teamsters joint labor council where she characteristically expects to arch her eyebrows and hold her ground among the burly union men. But just as characteristically, as an old pro sitting on a big lead, she plans to avoid the punches. "I'll talk to them about inflation," she concludes. "Bread and butter."

Grapes and lettuce?

"No. That's their problem, not mine." **—By Fred Mann**

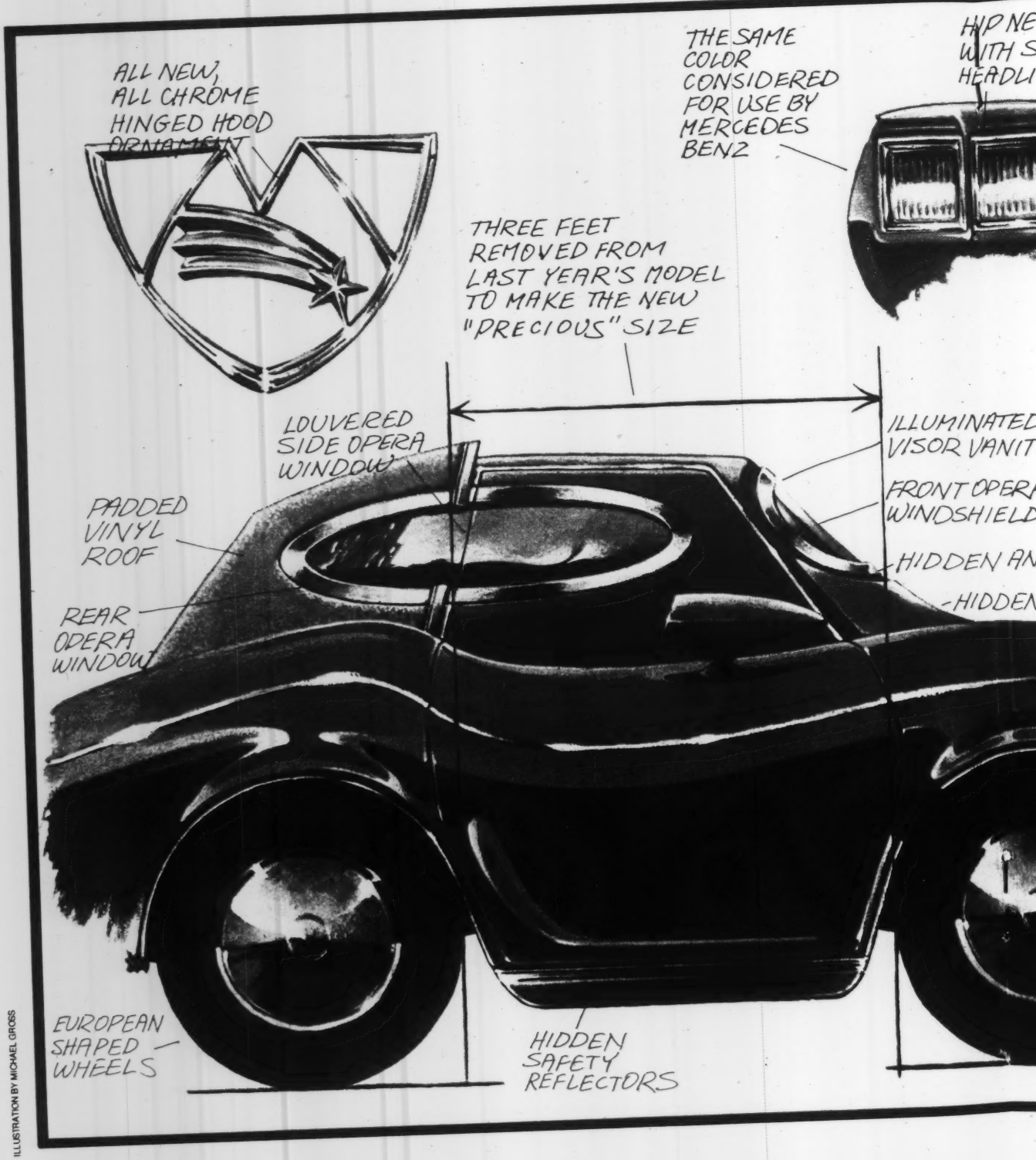
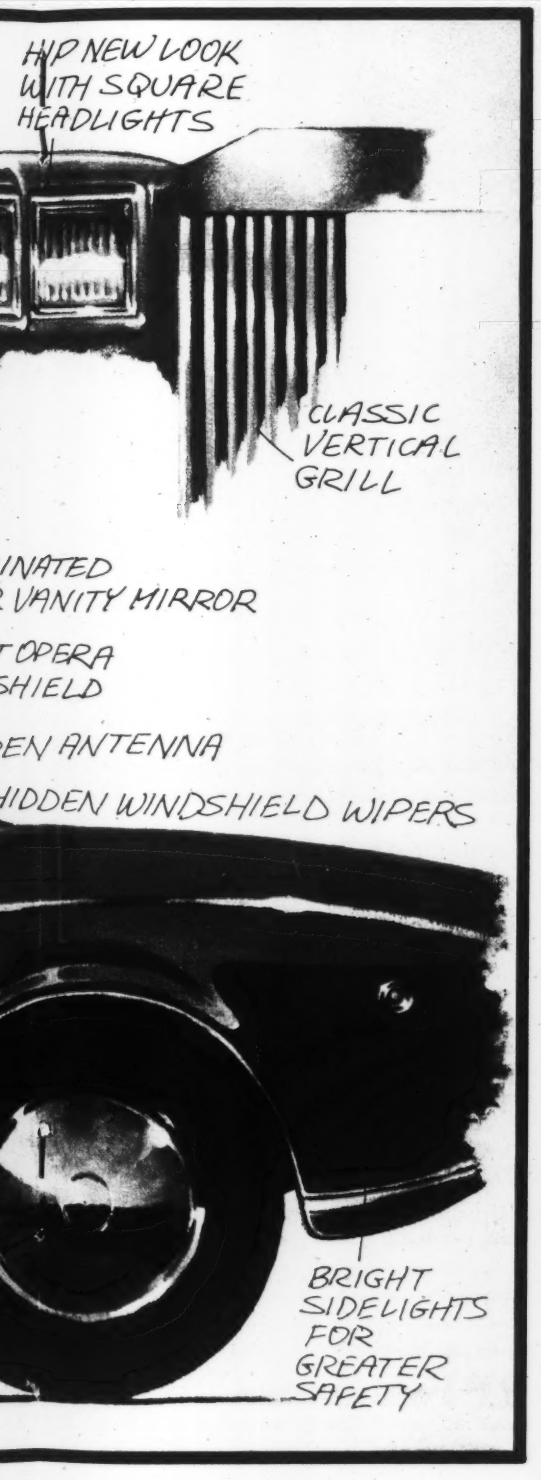


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS



Otis "Pop" Mulholland wrings out Detroit's all-new triumph of design and styling, the classically elegant *Marmoset Custom Royal Brougham* . . . as tested by the Dean of American Test Drivers

The Marmoset road test

When I accepted an invitation from my old sidekick Morris Dotard to attend the "sneak preview" of the 1975 Marmoset Brougham up at the Associated Motors Proving Grounds, I was as unprepared as a "beatnik" for a bath for the newest surprise package from big AM. Ol' Morris has been a public relations man for their Marmoset Division for more years than he or I care to count, and while he never forgets ol' Pop Mulholland when new model time—or Christmas—rolls around, he knows that I always speak my mind loud and clear about his company's automobiles. Fortunately, the cars from Associated Motors have maintained such lofty standards of quality over the years that it's not often I have to slap their wrists with the old Smith-Corona. Morris Dotard never mentions it but I'll bet he's still smarting from the going over I gave the Marmoset glove compartment latch way back in the '50s. Anyway, here goes with calling the Marmoset Brougham like these old eyes see it.

The Marmoset Brougham comes in three models: the classy Custom Brougham, the smart Royal Brougham and the top o' the line Custom Royal Brougham. We saddled up a Custom Royal for our gallop through the bone-jarring AM proving grounds, and I'm happy to say that it was every bit as much fun to drive as it was to look at—a sho' nuff thoroughbred if there ever was one.

The doors on the 1975 Marmoset coupes are about half a foot longer this year—which kept my bad knee from hitting the emergency brake handle where it sticks out to the left of the tiller, but I hit my head on the low roof again this year in spite of Morris doing everything he could to see that I got in okay.

The big 508-cubic-inch mill started up like the desmogging spaghetti under the hood was as long gone as nickel beer. The Associated Motors technical reps who had worked all night to get the cars ready for testing assured us that it was all there, however. It just goes to show that a good tuneup will keep you from losing sleep over performance deficiencies caused by those stranglers down in Washington. Anyway, the Marmoset garners an A for crankability.

Performance, of course, *has* suffered, and even the fine job by the AM engineers couldn't get the numbers up to par with the fabulous Marmoset Sidewinders we tested back in 1962. Those babies went 0-60 in just over nine seconds, while the 1975 "ecology specials" are as slow as a kid on his way to the principal's office, taking 10.3 seconds to do the same thing. Zero to 100 mph took 32.5 seconds, and no matter what we did we couldn't force the Marmoset over 118—not even on the Detroit freeways! At that speed—a dozen mph slower than in the good old days—our test barge wallowed around like a frolicking porpoise when we tried to pass other cars. Driveability gets only a B because the wheels went out of balance (the front ones, I think) between 70 and 94, causing the Marmoset to shake like a wetback at a Border Station.

Brakeability gets an A Plus. The big super-stopper 4-wheel disc brakes hauled the Marmoset down from its 118 mph top speed even though the throttle got stuck and scared this old scribe out of

This Otis "Pop" Mulholland Road Test is being reprinted by permission from *Popular Testbed*.

This is the way you see Tracy.

This is the way Tracy sees you.

At 5, Tracy was like most children. She was afraid of the dark.

Then Tracy became afraid of the light, too. She jumped at things alongside of her. She stumbled over her toys on the floor.

Tracy had Retinitis Pigmentosa. More simply, RP. A disease that gradually prevents the retina from sending images to the brain.

She was slowly losing her eyesight and there was nothing anyone could do about it. There is no known cure for RP.

How do you tell that to a child?

There are thousands of children like Tracy faced with terror of going blind. And unless something is done there will be thousands more.

We know RP mainly affects children and young people. We know it's inherited. And we know one person in every eighty is a carrier of the abnormal gene. So RP can strike without warning in a family with no previous history of blindness. But we know too little.

Doctors are now working together to fight RP. A new laboratory has been equipped and staffed by the RP Foundation. And here research has begun that will hopefully lead to a treatment and cure.

But diseases are fought with money. We need your help to stop this disease that takes the sight of so many young people each year.

Today at 9, Tracy has night blindness, and very little side vision. She sees only a narrow shaft directly ahead of her.

Each day she is slowly and sadly being shut out of a world full of light and color.

Once in a while when her mother tucks her safely into bed for the night she asks quietly, "Mommy, why is this happening to me"?

Please help.

(NT-1)

National RP Foundation
P.O. Box 5773, Baltimore, Md. 21208

Yes, I want to help. Enclosed is my tax-deductible check or money order for:_____

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Street _____

City_____ State _____

For more information, please call, (301) 655-1011.

RP Foundation.

Children have so much to see. Give them a chance to see it.

10 years' worth of road tests. Morris said my eyes were big as saucers when I came skidding by him. The standard-equipment Goodstone Steel-Belt Radial Polytreads our mount was shod with sure proved their mettle!

Weaveability rates high also, with the Marmoset negotiating the twisty 30 mph obstacle and handling course with the style and grace of a ballet *danseuse*. At 5,700 pounds, the Marmoset Custom Royal Brougham hugs the highway closer than the dotted white line. There is a vicious understeer during low speed cornering conditions, but that is more than compensated for by the massive oversteer which rears its head under high speed cornering. Best course for you "Average Joes" is to take a "just right" approach to turning corners in your Marmoset. Otherwise, look out!

Ride quality of the Marmoset is excellent. The near-total insulation from the bothersome bumps and grinds of the highway and the soft, gently flowing motion of the Marmoset underway add up to good marks in the important area of spongeability. Like Marmoset Division general manager Stan Doldrum sez, "Our new models represent automotive know-how that reflects what buyers really want in a car." As the younger car buyers would say, that's telling it like it is, Stan!

The interior of the 1975 Marmoset Custom Royal Brougham is a triumph of tastefulness. From the simulated Bird's-eye Maple accent insets on the dash panel to the illuminated visor vanity mirror (bet you gals will like *that*!), the Marmoset's cockpit is really something. A recessed arm rest integrated into the padded doors and the striking opera window add an aircraft flavor to the decor. There's even a quick defrost windshield/rear window system similar to that used on jet aircraft and also a recessed jet-airliner trim panel around the opera windows. The trim is attractive but tends to snag doubleknit sports coats like trout lines snag catfish. The Marmoset's happy marriage of styling and design exhibits European flair on every one of its many facets. But don't let those posh door trim features and convenient assist straps fool you for a minute. The Marmoset is a 110 percent all-American car whose massive look of richness is Detroit all the way.

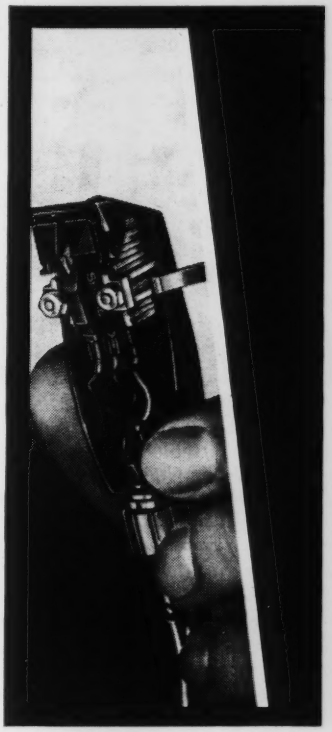
A full deck of luxury color schemes is available, including Mocha Turquoise, Moondust Maroon, Irish Linen and Butter Pecan. Inside, there's an assortment of new "highland tartan" fabrics, including hard-to-find numbers like McCarthy and Watson. An array of luxurious simulated-leather vinyl interiors is also offered with the glove-soft expensive touch and feel of a Lear Jet. The cut pile carpeting (of genuine nylon Permatread) is so deep that ol' Pop had a hard time remembering what color his hush puppies were, not that that's too unusual at my age.

Outside, the styling is reminiscent of the elegant, classic Marmoset road cars of the early '30s. But she's right up to date with her long hood, short rear deck, massive bright grille which extends below the integrated bumper and huge single headlights. The overall picture is that of a luxury previously associated with more expensive cars. With the louvered opera windows and padded vinyl "Landau Halo" roof, the Marmoset looks like much more than its price tag (expected to fall between $5,500 and $8,600 at press time). Up front, as part of the new '75 styling package, you'll be lighting up the road with the new European-style rectangular headlights—similar to landing lights on jet airplanes. There's an all-new upright hood ornament this year, featuring the familiar Marmoset three-sided triangle. The handsome ornament is hinged to prevent injury to careless pedestrians and will easily come off in your hand if you give it a whack. So does the glove compartment, incidentally, but Morris assures me that's being seen to before the Marmoset appears in your neighborhood showroom.

Gas mileage is a subject that most automakers are avoiding like discounts these days and Marmoset Division is no exception. I was given some hush-hush info from Morris Dotard, however, and I'm proud to tell you that a strictly stock Marmoset Custom Brougham got nearly 31.667 miles to the gallon during this year's grueling Pike's Peak Labor Day Economy Descent. While the Pike's Peak assault is not the kind of driving most of you do every day, the driving around my own personal test town of Lemon Beach, Florida, is as everyday as you can imagine . . . so I'll be doing some testing down there on such things as fuel economy. I'll be getting another Marmoset—fitted out to ol' Pop's own specs—next month and will use it under normal driving conditions for at least a year.

You'll be hearing more from Mulholland on Marmosets before you know it. Meanwhile, take a look for yourself at your Marmoset dealer's attractive showroom. I think you will agree with ol' Pop that the Marmoset Brougham is a car that just about anyone you can think of would be pretty proud to own and drive. All things taken into account, it just might be the car you've been looking for! ●

"Pop" Mulholland is usually known as William Jeanes, free-lance writer and feature editor of Car and Driver.



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My life with football

One Saturday evening in late October of 1973, Richard Nixon fired Watergate prosecutor Archibald Cox, drove Attorney General Elliot Richardson from office and dismissed Deputy Attorney General William Ruckelshaus.

Sunday evening, at the height of the furor, Nixon telephoned George Allen, coach of the Washington Redskins, to congratulate him on the team's 31-13 victory over the St. Louis Cardinals.

"We just talked about football," the Associated Press quoted Allen as saying. "We didn't talk about his problems."

Is pro football really that *vital and pervasive? To find out, writer George Sullivan asked a number of prominent people how the game affects their lives. Here are some of their responses:*

I hate football.

In fact, one of the reasons I keep making pictures is to get away from football, because in the periods I've dealt with it was *not* pervasive in our society.

Sincerely,
Peter Bogdanovich

I do enjoy watching pro football on television and I am especially interested in the progress made by those players who are natives of Alabama or those who have played on our college football teams in our state in the past.

Sincerely yours,
George C. Wallace

I am so constantly a traveler and so preoccupied that I have never seen a professional football game and have only seen brief glimpses of it on other people's television sets.

What impressed me the most was the extraordinary faithfulness of color of the television and the competence displayed in dealing with long and short

ILLUSTRATION BY GERRY GERSTEN

distance and its slow motion playbacks. I am interested in the generalization of this competence, hoping it may be the forerunner of ways in which humanity may cope with its greater survival problems than those of football.

I was a football player in my youth and have cared a great deal about football strategy. I am as yet a broken field runner in a metaphysical sense.

I recall an incident in the early 1920s when a young friend of mine, who was a great athlete, brought an uproariously hilarious response at a dinner party when he jokingly visualized the development of professional football, foreseeing utter mayhem. I only mention this as this friend of mine, who died long ago, would be astonished at the success and popularity of what the 1920's young society considered to be an absurd idea.

Faithfully yours,
R. Buckminster Fuller

I have been in some trouble with the professional football people since at a Touchdown Club dinner some four or five years ago I observed, quoting an old Benedictine monk, that the ideal football coach (like the ideal politician) had to be just smart enough to understand the game, but not smart enough to lose interest. A deeper observation that I have made is contrasting the shape of the football field to that of a baseball field—one is rectangular and, therefore, confined, whereas the lines of the baseball diamond theoretically could be projected to infinity.

Sincerely yours,
Eugene J. McCarthy

I am intensely interested in professional football. Watching pro ball on Sunday afternoons is one of my greatest enjoyments. I rarely let anything interfere with it. Pro football is one of the finest displays of athletic prowess ever to be made available to the public.

I hope that comment is useful to you.

Best regards,
Gerald R. Ford

I am afraid I am of no help to you. I have no interest at all in football. As a matter of fact, in my college years when I was invited to "football rehearsals" at male colleges or universities, my happiest moments were at half time.

Sorry.

Sincerely,
Barbara Walters

In response to your letter of Oct. 28th . . .

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by Richard Arens

With a Foreword by
Harold D. Lasswell

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New York Law Journal

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Football what?
or
Football who?

Sincerely,
Paolo Soleri

In the autumns and winters when Ernest and I lived in Ketchum, Idaho, we used to give pro-football watching parties with wine flowing and dove pie or venison stew, Ernest keeping book on the betting (only about $40-$50 in the kitty). Johnny Unitas was one of our heroes. But that was long ago—1958-'59-'60.

Best Wishes,
Mary Hemingway

I am an enthusiastic football fan and enjoy both the collegiate and professional games. In my opinion, there is no finer entertainment provided by the TV network than the excitement of professional football. Not only does the excitement appeal to me, but the athletic perfection displayed by the players and the ultimate in cooperation and teamwork are to me things of beauty.

Sincerely,
W. C. Westmoreland
General, U. S. Army (Ret.)

I have always studied games as art forms that project and interpret the conscious and subliminal interests of the groups that pattern them. The degree to which they hold the interest of a society reflects the commitment of the society to the ritual involved. Of course, "professional" sport complicates the matter by trying to make a *direct* connection between the game and the society.

Cordially,
Marshall McLuhan

Yes, I'm afraid Pro-Football affects my life. I have to go to all the games since Edward Bennett Williams, the President, is my friend.

I have been a Redskin rooter for ten years and it screws up my life. I want to play tennis, but I can't because of football on Sunday.

I think football has become a substitute for women. A lady friend of mine declared football was a homosexual game of tag.

Cheers,
Art Buchwald

You have asked whether professional football affects my life in any way—"Does it ever command any of your interest or energy?"

Well, let me put it this way. I like professional football; in fact, I am an enthusiastic fan. I find that it gives me a release from the political pressures. I enjoy going to the stadium—just being out there with the people and participating as a spectator in that remarkable American sport called football.

It has been my good fortune to know a number of the members of the Vikings football team. They are great guys. I go down to the locker room after every game. I talk with them whether they win or lose. We have a great spirit of comradeship and friendship.

It is my feeling that competitive sports, particularly football, provide a great release of tension for the American people. We are a hard-working, fast-moving, fast-living people. We need that weekend of giving release to our emotions and tensions. Yes, football is good therapy. It is good fun. It is important to keep this sport absolutely clean—devoid of any corruption or influence. The American people have had so many of their values destroyed in recent years and so much of their confidence in their national leaders and heroes destroyed that it is absolutely imperative that professional sports be kept clean and aboveboard, with not one bit of taint of corruption.

Sincerely,
Hubert H. Humphrey

When I think of football, my thoughts instantly go to the college game. As you undoubtedly know, Nebraska's Cornhusker team and the chant of "Go Big Red" are the NUMBER ONE interests of any Nebraskan on a fall Saturday afternoon.

But, I also confess to once and awhile sitting in front of the television set to watch a pro football game. While I'm strictly a spectator, I can manage an enthusiastic cheer and a sometimes intense suggestion as to a play or two while I watch my favorite team. Here, of course, that means the Redskins. I also value those days when I can make it to the stadium to see a game in action.

Sincerely,
Roman L. Hruska
United States Senator
Nebraska

I'm afraid pro football affects my life just a little more than I might like since it's become one of my pleasures—you may read "vices"—to have a few bets on Sunday. And I'm certain the cerebrated devotion I give to this from Monday through to Sunday at one o'clock, if added together over a year, might be the equal of two good chapters in one of those novels one

should and doesn't write.

Yours sincerely,
Norman Mailer

The answer to your question is no. I do not have, nor have I ever had, any interest in football at all.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Chisholm

The answer is no—in fact I have never seen a professional football game, either live, or over television.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

I am a ferocious follower of professional football. This interest of mine dates back to the time when the TV coverage got terrific. The instant replay particularly. You can really dig in there and see who's doing what to who. Nobody gets away with anything. The idea of actually going out to a game is outrageous. A couple of years ago someone offered me tickets to the Super Bowl, on the fifty-yard line. Turned them down without batting an eyelash. I had a giant TV set all ready to go at my hotel, along with two fine cigars and some brandy. It turned out to be a lousy game but no way I was going to hit the Freeway, pass up the instant replay, etc. There's something futuristic or other dimensional about that Instant Replay. It's as if they figured out a way for you to get another shot at all those moments when you couldn't come up with a wonderful rejoinder at a party.

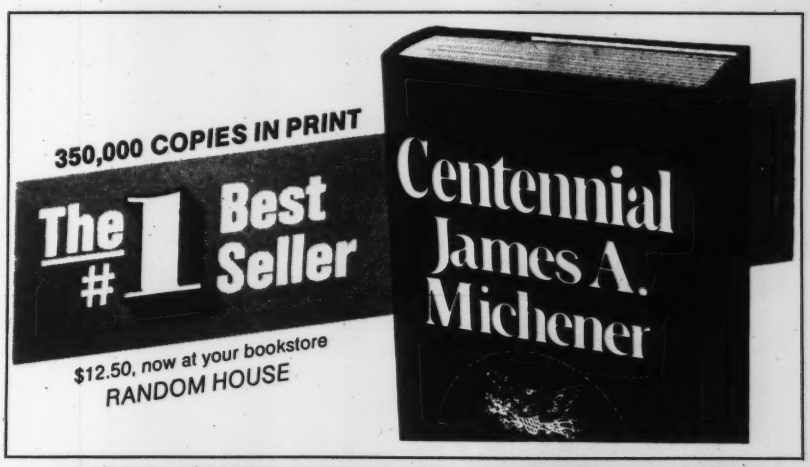
Yours,
Bruce Jay Friedman

I became a pro football fan back in the 40s when I use to sit on the NY Giants bench with my father, a newspaperman. I switched allegiance to the Packers in the 50s, and to the Dolphins in 1970. I root for what I think is the best team and therefore the team that deserves to win. I get terribly involved during the season, if I'm in this country. During the years I lived in Europe I couldn't have cared less.

However, when I was in prison, and it spanned two seasons, man, I got really involved. I watched every possible game. Before the season began last year I got 8-1 odds that the Dolphins wouldn't win the Super Bowl. Of course I won my bet. But by then I was a free man. So some guy back at Danbury owes me 8 cartons of cigarettes.

This year it will be the Dolphins against the Cowboys, and the Dolphins will cream them.

Regards,
Clifford Irving



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Stealing New York

New York's latest generation of petty thieves is not content with pocketbooks. In the last year they've stolen trees, bushes, statues, plaques, lampposts and an entire building

By Jack Friedman

If you've got something nasty to say about New York, then you'd better hurry up and say it. For, very soon, you won't have New York to kick around anymore. This blighted megalopolis is in the process of disappearing.

It is not, like Sodom, disappearing under a cleansing rain of fire. New York's vanishing act is not nearly so dramatic. But perhaps it is more appropriate. This city—the undisputed world's capital of larceny—is being stolen. Physically stolen right out from under its residents. Always in the forefront of urban decay, New York has now managed to spawn a new, improved species of Vandal. A Vandal who, no longer sufficiently thrilled by acts of mutilation, has turned to the stealing of his environment.

Parks, plazas and botanical gardens are being stripped as if they were abandoned autos. Public monuments are being heisted. Statues are being mugged. All with increasing frequency and ever greater audacity. In the past six months the problem has become nearly absurd in its dimensions. Indeed, if someone asks you if you'd like to buy the Brooklyn Bridge, the offer may be completely on the level.

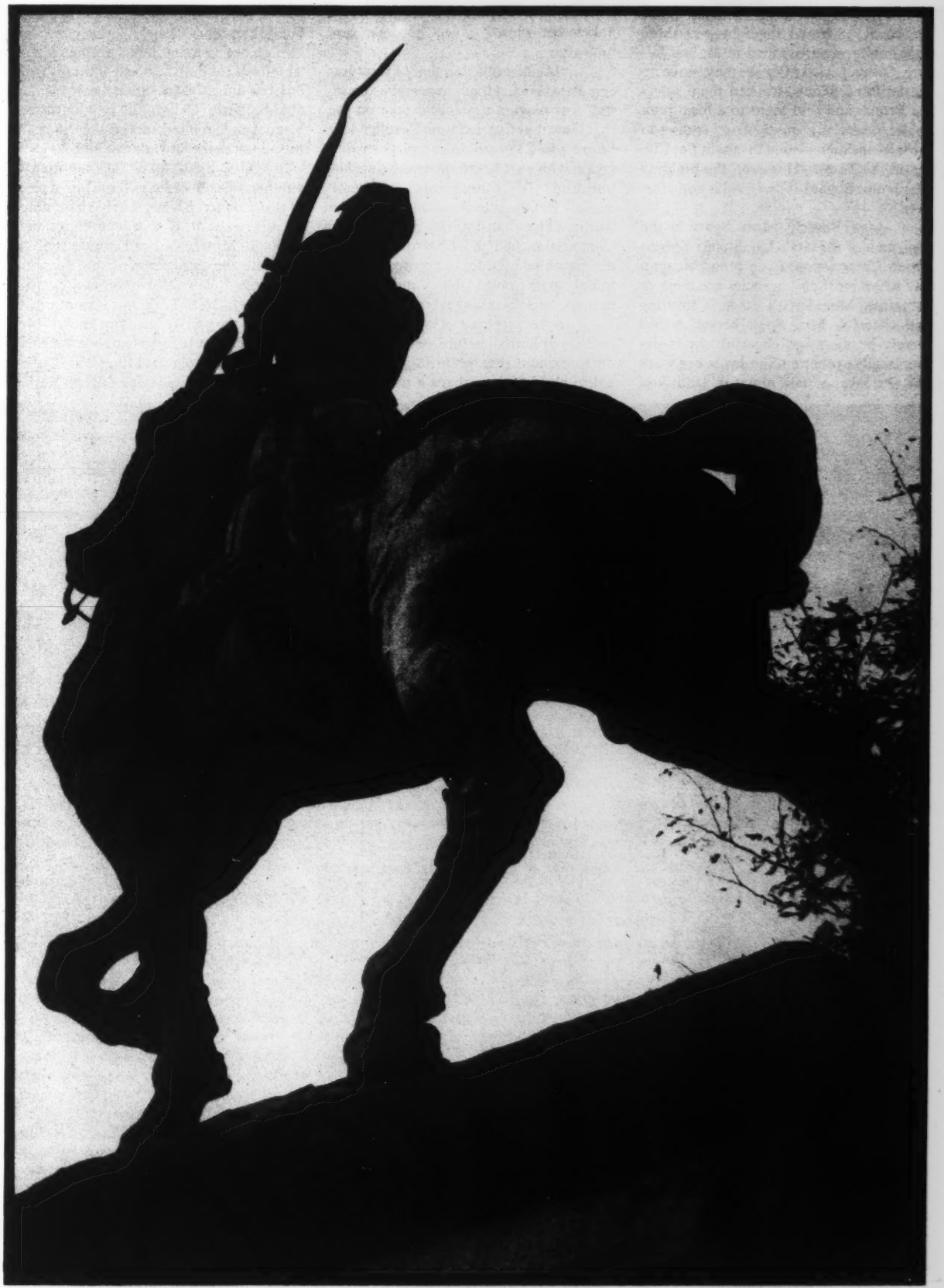
To illustrate, take the Bogardus Building. Ah, it could be a Henny Youngman joke: "Take the Bogardus Building. . . ." That's precisely what someone did.

Built in 1848, this four-story cast-iron structure had long been considered one of America's rarest architectural treasures. Its use of modular building methods made it one of the earliest known precursors of the modern skyscraper. It was, in short, an invaluable cultural artifact.

In 1971 it was deemed a city landmark, disassembled and stored in a vacant lot in lower Manhattan. There were rosy plans to later erect it at the site of a new college.

That was until three of the new improved Vandals spotted it. Immediately they recognized the building for the gem that it really was—a 150-ton bonanza of cast-iron "scrap." Cast-iron is worth, on a good day, up to $100 per ton.

Jack Friedman, who lives on the vandal-ridden Upper West Side of Manhattan, writes frequently for NEW TIMES.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS

A much sought-after prize, Joan of Arc's twisted sword will no doubt disappear on the next attempt.

Working stealthily—that is, under the cover of broad daylight—our three bold entrepreneurs cashed in at their leisure. Over a period of weeks they broke up the building panels, trucked them up to the Bronx and sold them to a local junk dealer. There is a quasi-happy ending to the tale: the men wound up not in Fat City but in the Tombs. However, the building that James Bogardus designed is gone forever.

Mrs. Beverly Moss Spatt is the chairman of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission. Even on a Friday, a day when most city agencies are close to comatose, Mrs. Spatt's office is bustling and cheerful. Mrs. Spatt herself is not merely bustling and cheerful, she is demoniacally exuberant.She loves her work and she loves to talk about it. Until you mention the Bogardus Building. This makes her chirpy voice become very mournful.

"My first reaction to it? I went into complete shock. I thought someone on my staff was playing a practical joke on me. . . . Now that I've had time to adjust to it, I must admit I'm still in complete shock. I mean, who ever heard of stealing a *whole* building? It's outrageous. It's really tragic!" But the situation is also somewhat ironic. The Landmarks Preservation Commission had the Bogardus Building disassembled in order to "protect it." This initial work saved the Vandals much tedious, back-breaking labor.

After sighing a sigh over the frailties of human nature, Mrs. Spatt goes on to explain that while the theft of an entire building is perhaps a novel occurrence, the business of looting is anything but unfamiliar. "Lately," she concedes, "we've been having large problems with 'architectural buffs' who steal things from our buildings." Mrs. Spatt has considerable politesse. Calling the new improved Vandal an "architectural buff" is like calling a loan shark an "interest buff."

Mrs. Spatt takes this reporter to another office in order to show him a piece of cast-iron scrap which has been mounted on the wall. It is a splendid, ornately wrought Minerva's head which used to decorate the third floor of the Bogardus Building. "We've got another Bogardus Building in New York, but it's not nearly so fine as the one we lost. You know," Mrs. Spatt adds wistfully, "when they stole that building they stole the Mona Lisa."

While the pillaging of New York is

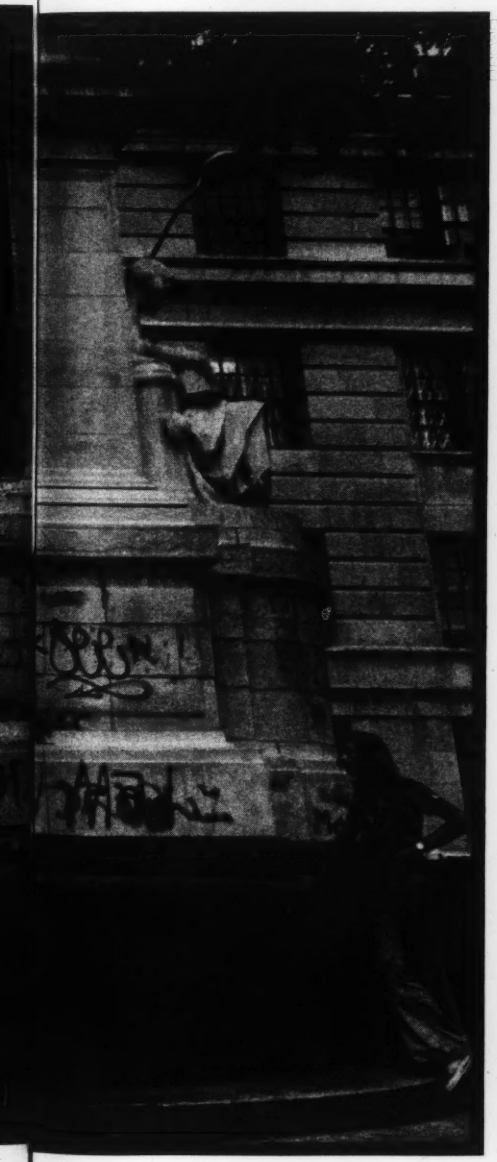
a citywide phenomenon, there have been certain areas which have been particularly hard hit. One such area is Manhattan's fashionably sleazy Upper West Side. A casual survey of its parks and public places makes it seem as if the neighborhood had recently been visited by a swarm of voracious, metal-eating locusts. Whole comfort stations have been stripped of their brass and copper plumbing. The Riverside Bridge on 96th Street has been thoroughly cannibalized—half of its bronze railings and light fixtures are gone. What is left has been welded into the ground. The Fireman's Memorial on 100th Street has lost one of its two massive, 18-foot-tall light poles. The other was removed by the city when someone noticed that all of its securing bolts had somehow become undone. And then on 93rd Street there is a statue of Joan of Arc. This is as much a miracle as any of the weeping Madonnas in Sicily. Each morning it is obvious that, at some point during the previous night, Joan's sword has been bent into a different position. Bent by some unseen, perhaps divine, hand. Soon the metal will give way and the heroine's sword will be lying next to the carcass of a burnt-out Chevy in one of the city's many junkyards.

In this neighborhood, a young black cop is slowly foot-patroling his way up Broadway. "Yeah, we try to keep an eye on the monuments and other stuff up here. We even stake 'em out sometimes. But the damn junkies seem to know when we're around. They must have some kind of sixth sense . . . ."

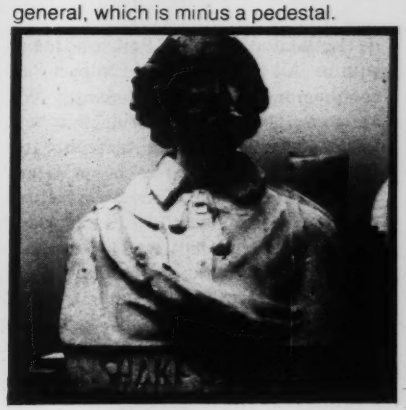
"All this vandalism up here is bad," says the cop, "but really we got much worse problems. Much worse. I mean the 24th Precinct is more hellified than Fort Apache. So what if Joan of Arc gets ripped off. I worry about school kids getting ripped off. . . . Y'understand what I'm saying?"

Joseph Bresnan understands that the police and the courts are more concerned with crimes against people than they are with crimes against inanimate objects. But that doesn't make his job any easier. Bresnan is the Parks Department director of monuments. "No one," complains Bresnan, "takes vandalism seriously."

His offices are a stark contrast to Mrs. Spatts' downtown sunshine factory. They consist of a underground maze of work and storage rooms in the Highbridge section of Manhattan. The ambiance is



The domain of Director of Monuments Joseph Bresnan (left) consists, in part, of the Fireman's Memorial (far left), which is minus an 18-foot light pole, a bust of Shakespeare (below), which is minus a face, and a statue of a Civil War general, which is minus a pedestal.



that of the Bellevue Hospital emergency room on a Saturday night. All around—on an S.R.O. basis—there are maimed and dying monuments. Over here there is a bust of Shakespeare that some New York culture maven has taken exception to. He has expressed his esthetic pique by battering away the right side of the bard's face with a length of pipe. Next to that is a commemorative plaque which has been sawn neatly in half. Next to that is a statue of an obscure politico which had been torn off its pedestal but abandoned somewhere en route to the scrap dealer . . . . Bresnan's artisan-medics cannot keep up with the casualties. Dozens of ailing monuments crowd the connecting passages.

Would Bresnan agree that the plundering of New York is at an all-time, epidemic high? "Epidemic?" He smiles wanly at the word. "Well yes, it's a very serious problem. Quite frightful, actually. In terms of money we can't even estimate how much the city loses each year. Most of the things taken are simply irreplaceable. Of course there's always been theft but these past six months have been . . ." The

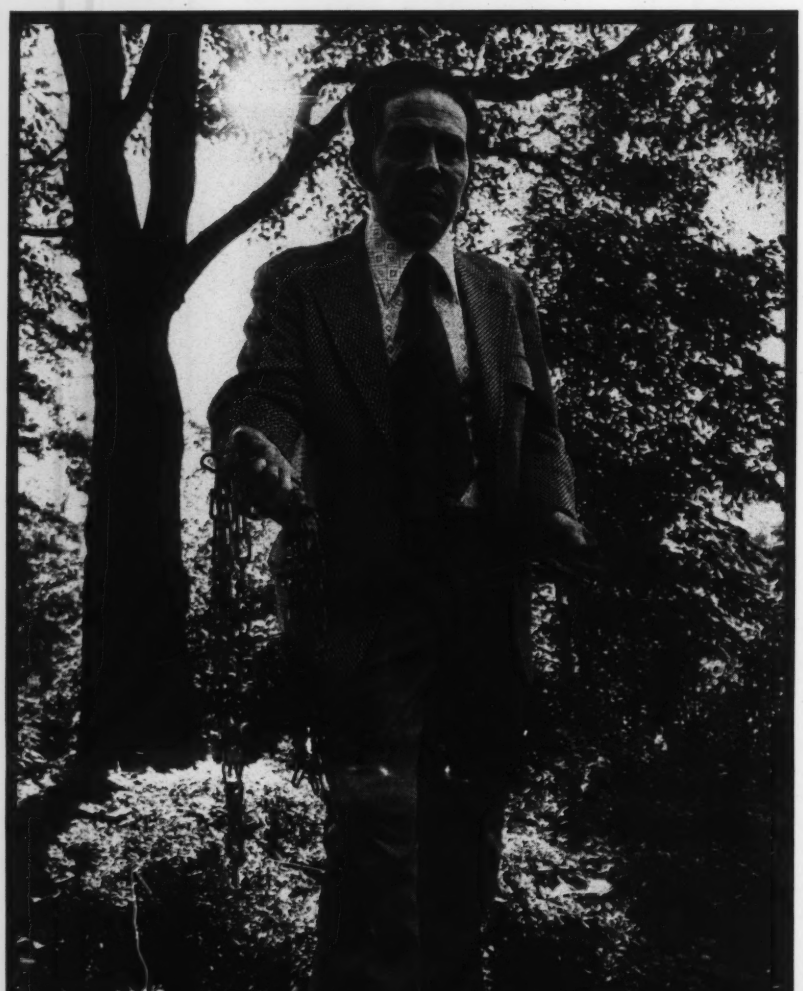
It was like a Henny Youngman joke: "Take the Bogardus Building . . . ." That's precisely what someone did

words tail off but the meaning of the silence is clear. There was a time when the theft problem was confined to the occasional interior-decorator manqué who thought that a litter basket might look cute in his bedroom. This is a whole new ball game—one which is played far more ferociously.

Bresnan ticks off a number of recent "de-acquisitions." The Richard Morris Hunt statue in Central Park is no longer with us. All the plaques in Prospect Park commemorating the Revolutionary War are gone. The Lullwater Bridge has been totally decimated. Then there are the bronze urns that used to be in Grand Army Plaza. "But," Bresnan's features brighten momentarily, "we later found one of them in a belt buckle factory in Brooklyn. And we also found one of our brass eagles in an antique shop. And then there's the statue of the duck in Central Park—we've been very lucky with that one. It's been stolen three times and recovered three times." The duck, much loved by city children, is a special case. Each time it's swiped it causes such an enormous uproar it becomes impossible for the discreet Vandal to unload.

But has there been anything as spectacular as the Bogardus caper? "Yes," Bresnan admits, "unfortunately there has." He goes on to describe the Strange Case of the Pleasant Plains War Memorial. This ton of bronze statuary just up and disappeared one day from Randalls Island. It is now, presumably, somewhere in Judge Crater-land. "That was worth $35,000 to $40,000 and the oddest part is that no one saw a thing." And then there is the Most Curious Affair of the Fireman's Memorial. Only an evil genius of Professor Moriarty's dimensions could have pulled off this job without being seen. The booty, 18 feet of bronze light pole, was snatched in broad daylight from Riverside Drive. "We just don't know how they did it," says Bresnan, awe creeping into his voice. "When we came to salvage the other light pole we needed a heavy truck, a crane and a full work crew."

Do the skyrocketing prices of copper, brass and bronze have anything to do with the rise of the New Vandalism? "Possibly that's a contributing factor, but I don't see that as the real problem. I think it's that people have totally lost respect for



Horticulturist Mike McNamara has learned his lesson. He now keeps his rhododendrons in chains.

their physical surroundings, for the quality of public places." He thinks that if plain old rapacity were at the heart of most theft, then he wouldn't be losing any of his new, fail-safe type plaques. Each of these is made of a cheap alloy which has been bolted, with special deviousness, into a super-strong cement compound. They look as if they could withstand a nuclear blast, never mind the efforts of a few Vandals, but even these plaques, worthless pieces of junk that they are, keep disappearing. Why? Bresnan shrugs disgustedly. "Maybe they take them just to keep in practice."

One begins to wonder who is responsible for all this mayhem. Aside from the Bogardus Boys (who were simple laborers), virtually none of the wily New Vandals have been caught. Mrs. Spatt thinks it might be poor "winos" who are doing these terrible things to the city. Joe Bresnan has a number of theories, including one involving "sinister forces." But the most commonly held belief—meaning

One New Yorker took exception to a bust of Shakespeare and expressed his pique with a length of lead pipe

taking it seriously. "Yeah baby, sure it's the junkies. You know what else? They also killed Kennedy. And they got us into 'Nam. And they're polluting the air even! Shoot, *anything* goes wrong and they lay it on addicts." He points out that there are much softer ways to stoke a habit. Shoplifting, drug dealing, free-lance pimping, jostling drunks are all far more lucrative and far less risky. "This stuff is amateur shit," he insists.

Beverly Moss Spatt (right) and Margaret Tuft (left) of the Landmarks Preservation Commission with Minerva's head, the last piece of the Bogardus Building.

commonly held by the press, the cops and the various city agencies—is that it is the junkies who are devouring New York.

Ralphie is a New Yorker who spends most of his time in Central Park. At the moment he is sitting at the Bethesda Fountain, sucking on a 16-oz. can of Bud. The notion that it's junkies who are stealing New York convulses Ralphie with laughter. His arms and also the back of his hands are speckled with tracks. Like a Ron Ziegler astray in a drug netherworld, Ralphie won't even dignify the charge by

So who does Ralphie think is filching New York? "Kids take the small stuff, I've seen 'em do it. Maybe it's for wine or 'cause they're bored." As for the more audacious thefts? This brings a wide, twisted grin to Ralphie's face. "It's straight dudes. Guys with jobs. Guys with trucks and tools—the same ones who rip off construction sites. I mean plumbers, mechanics, truck drivers, you name it . . . . Maybe even some cops are into it." This last thought makes Ralphie's grin grow even wider. In fact, it makes him feel so good he finishes his Bud in one gulp and starts to laugh. "Jesus," he says gesturing toward the park, "next thing they're gonna blame the addicts for is stealing the damn trees. Ha, ha, ha . . . ." Ralphie thinks this is quite a joke.

Mike McNamara doesn't. McNamara is a plain-talking, chain-smoking horticulturist in the city employ. He doesn't think taking trees is very amusing at all.

Not long ago, the town of Cape Coral, Florida, sent him 100 Cape Coral rosebushes. They were to be planted in one of the city's formal gardens along with a plaque commemorating this generous gift. The roses were laid in, but by the time the plaque was ready for the dedication ceremonies (a period of one month) Vandals had managed to steal every single rosebush. Before that, there was the Cherry Tree Scandal involving five huge trees which vanished from a Parks Department loading platform. McNamara still marvels over that heist. "It took real balls to go in there with a truck and get those trees. The place is always crawling with cops and Parks Department people. I just can't understand how no one saw them."

When the time came to replant the Ladies Pavilion in Central Park, McNamara was no longer banking on the good faith of the populace. In fact, when the roses and azaleas went into the ground, he took the precaution of chaining them there. This has made the Ladies Pavilion one of Manhattan's most startling sights. The plants, chained not only to the earth but to each other as well, look like little green galley slaves. You wonder what they are being punished for.

McNamara estimates the loss to the city in plants at "maybe five hundred thou a year." And who does he suspect is defoliating the parks? "It could be anybody . . . homeowners looking to save a buck, nursery owners, city employees, people with penthouse gardens . . . ." At least this sort of vandalism, Ralphie will be happy to know, is not being attributed to junkies. For someone badly in need of a fix, a rhododendron would be agonizingly difficult to fence.

Has the chaining stopped the Vandals? "Nah, they're still walking away with things. We just lost a cut-leaf maple and a Serbian spruce that we anchored, mind you *anchored*, into the ground." On a yellow pad, McNamara doodles an explanatory diagram of an anchored tree. It seems as if you would first have to kill the tree to remove it. The horticulturist smiles at the observation.

"That's right. Now if they take something, it dies. Maybe that way they'll learn." ●

The Triumph of Leni

Leni Riefenstahl, 72, whose 1934 *Triumph of the Will* is a classic of both documentary filmmaking and Nazi propaganda, moves into the present—even as she confronts the shadows of the past

By Paul Gardner

"Riefenstahl reception and public appearance have been canceled."

There it was, a cryptic message scrawled across a press release, like a bloodstain from the past, waiting for me when I arrived in Chicago to meet Leni Riefenstahl, the German filmmaker often described as the Nazis' cinematic genius. A few days earlier, *The Blue Light*, a romantic "mountain" drama, produced and directed by the legendary Leni in 1932, and starring her, too, had opened a festival of films by such women directors as Susan Sontag, Agnes Varda and Mai Zetterling at the Art Institute. The two Riefenstahl screenings were both sold out, so the musuem scheduled a third. It, too, drew a capacity crowd. Then came a dozen angry demonstrators who threatened to disrupt a reception for Leni in the museum on Saturday night. A curator who fled Germany in the '30s sighed, "The past is always the past." And Leni Riefenstahl, now 72 years old, cannot shake off the shadowy phantoms of the Third Reich. When we finally met several days later, she stared at me through veiled dark brown eyes and said evenly, "I have become the symbol for all the Nazi crimes."

Some years before his death, Jean Cocteau tried to help Leni produce a movie about Frederick the Great and Voltaire, both parts to be played by Cocteau. "You have raised the cinema up to heights where usually it does not ascend,"

SELF PORTRAIT, ISLAND OF ROATAN, HONDURAS

he told her. But Cocteau's dream was never realized. Leni was a cinematic outcast. As a young and vibrant woman with Garboesque features, Leni Riefenstahl had won international acclaim—and then disdain—for two documentaries in a tough, heartless male-dominated medium, the movies. Leni's reputation is based on *Triumph of the Will*, her hypnotic record of a Nuremberg rally in 1934, and *Olympia*, a two-part essay on the summer games of Berlin in 1936. Both are historical documents—artful and controversial. Her work is now the subject of doctoral theses, and collector's items for film clubs and museums. Film historians call her a great innovator of the nonfiction movie. But her name still burns white-heat hatred and memories of her friend, Adolf Hitler, a satanic film freak who manipulated her talent for Nazi propaganda. Today, 40 years later, her brief, unforgettable reign in films makes her the most talked-about woman director, and a subject of endless, dizzying speculation.

Ironically, a Chicago demonstrator from the Progressive Labor Party, a self-styled revolutionary communist group, asked a member of the festival, "Can you tell me anything about her?" The stringy-haired youth in bluejeans was holding a crudely stenciled "Leni Wanted for Genocide" leaflet. "I've never seen her films," he said. The Institute warned Leni of the agitators and she stayed in Colorado, where she had just been honored at the first Telluride Film Festival. The celebration in the quiet old mining town brought her together with Gloria Swanson and director Francis Ford Coppola, whose movies were also being shown. A columnist for the *Rocky Mountain News* called it "Colorado's days of infamy" and observed that Frau Riefenstahl should not be honored in the civilized world. But with the exception of a few protesters, the festival was chummily cheerful and calm, with its own swirl of glamour. Julie Christie looked radiant with two handsome escorts and when Swanson, resplendent in a tulle pants suit and beanie, was asked about Leni, she snapped, "I thought Hitler was dead."

One sunny afternoon, Leni was supposed to appear at an outdoor discussion in Telluride Park. When her limousine arrived and she saw some placard-waving pickets, her eyes filled with tears and the car drove on. "I will not have them taking pictures of me against those signs," she said. "The pictures will appear in all the German papers, and the Germans will say, 'You see, Leni is not wanted in America.' They will not know that the demonstrators were only a handful." Leni Riefenstahl was never a member of the Nazi Party. And she was not a government official. But Hitler's admiration clings to her neck like the mariner's albatross. After the war, her name was taboo in Germany. Ultimately cleared in denazification courts, she cautioned a cluster of press photographers. "Children, save your film. I've only one wish now—to be let alone." And, for many years, the world forgot about Leni Riefenstahl.

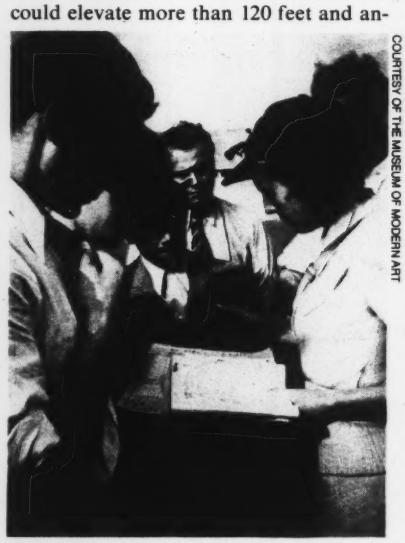
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Photographed from low angles, *Olympia* gave the athletes mythic proportions.

I saw *Triumph of the Will* for the first time several years ago at the Museum of Modern Art. It was screened at 9:30 a.m., but the auditorium was packed anyway. I had just returned from Europe and one of my excursions had been a bus ride to a suburb a few miles outside Munich. Pretty countryside, green and wooded. The bus driver suddenly shouted, "Das concentration camp," and a trembling bunch of us, mostly American tourists, got off. The bus continued on its rustic route while we stood in the road staring at Dachau.

Barbed wire. Watchtowers. Barracks. Crematoriums. Surrounded by lots of trees with chirping birds. Dachau, a cemetery for the living, before they were sent to the ovens, and we were trespassers on their unmarked graves. "They've made it look very nice here," mused an American photographer. "Somebody ought to do a picture book on Dachau today." No one answered him. Shivering, I caught the next bus an hour later back to Munich, a heavily bombed rebuilt city with some remaining grandiose buildings, of long steps and columns, from which Hitler viewed his marching brown shirts.

My image of that faded nightmare turned from fear to fascination as I watched *Triumph of the Will*, the brilliant film record of a terrifying rally that drew 1.5 million people to Nuremberg in September 1934, and was staged, according to some historical accounts, for the film. The Fuhrer had asked Leni to make an artistic document of this spectacle, which he was calling "Triumph of the Will." The young director, then 32 years old, mustered all her skills to create a Wagnerian opera that represents a cinematic expression of the Nazi mystique. It is considered the classic propaganda film. Leni's triumph, produced by UFA, then the largest movie company in Germany, was filmed from cranes, fire trucks, wheelchairs, roller skates and the air. She had a camera that could elevate more than 120 feet and an-



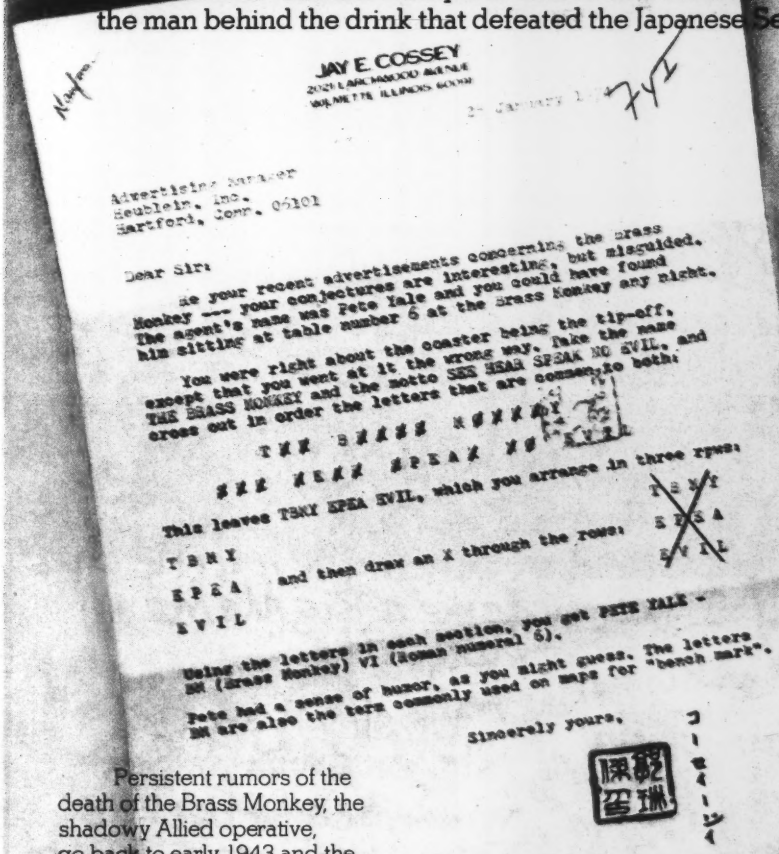
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Riefenstahl conferring with her crew on location for *Olympia* in Berlin, 1936.

Paul Gardner last reported for NEW TIMES *on* The Great Gatsby.

THE BRASS MONKEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Did the Kempeitai assassinate the Brass Monkey, the man behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II?



JAY E. COSSEY

Advertising Manager
Heublein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Dear Sir:

Re your recent advertisements concerning the Brass Monkey --- your conjectures are interesting, but misguided. The agent's name was Pete Yale and you could have found him sitting at table number 6 at the Brass Monkey any night.

You were right about the coaster being the tip-off, except that you went at it the wrong way. Take the name THE BRASS MONKEY and the motto SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL, and cross out in order the letters that are common to both:

T H E B R A S S M O N K E Y
S E E H E A R S P E A K N O E V I L

This leaves T N Y S P E A V I L, which you arrange in three rows:

T N Y
S P E A
V I L

and then draw an X through the rows:

T N Y
S P E A
V I L

Using the letters in each section, you get PETE YALE - SM (Brass Monkey) VI (Roman numeral 6).

Pete had a sense of humor, as you might guess. The letters SM are also the term commonly used on maps for "bench mark".

Sincerely yours,

Persistent rumors of the death of the Brass Monkey, the shadowy Allied operative, go back to early 1943 and the neutral port of Macao off the China Coast.

300,000 Chinese refugees crowded the town streets. Under cover of this chaotic situation, a "pipeline" was established from the Japanese-occupied mainland to the outside world. How long would it take the Japanese secret police, the dread Kempeitai, to discover that the route lay through H. E. Rasske's import-export warehouse? Why were they stepping up surveillance of Rasske's favorite drinking spot, the notorious Brass Monkey Club? And what was Pete Yale (recall his name from the international set?) doing on the scene?

Unlikely Warriors.

The Brass Monkey Club, as is well known, got its name from a small brass figurine in a niche by the door. The specialty of the house was a drink also called the Brass Monkey. It was much favored by those unlikely warriors, of many nationalities, whose weapons were quiet words, small gestures, scribblings on bar coasters—and whose armor was a convincing "cover." For a time, a businesslike truce was maintained. Then things began to happen.

One night, Kwo Suey Jay, the dependable Chinese busboy, failed to show up for work. His job was taken by a young Japanese.

A few nights later, the chanteuse Loyana was replaced—at the height of her popularity.

Not long after, on a crowded evening, an un-named American suddenly clutched at the back of his neck, rose, knocking over his table (number six) and ran into the traffic outside. The police report said he died from a needle dart.

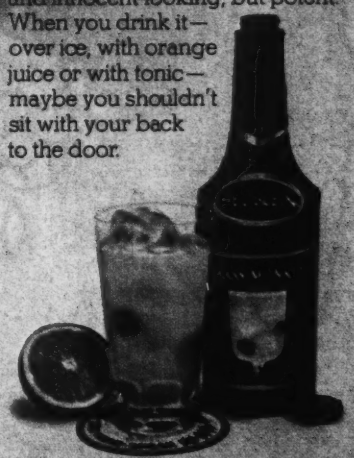
The "Man Who Never Came Back."

Who was it that died? Correspondent Cossey's analysis ties in with the disappearance of Pete Yale from the society columns of the day. Perhaps Yale had been buying time for our side. Cossey's reference to Yale in the past tense (*"had* a sense of humor...") suggests that the "Brass Monkey" sitting at table six was Pete Yale and not H. E. Rasske.

Apparently the Brass Monkey's work continued, because the officially reported "death by hara-kiri" of the section chief in Macao was interpreted as a salute to the better soldier.

What's A Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. When you drink it—over ice, with orange juice or with tonic—maybe you shouldn't sit with your back to the door.



THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

Heublein Brass Monkey®. 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. © 1974 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101

Why we call him Big MaMa John.

There we were, sitting around in a circle at John's place, when Marsha said "Hey, let's do something different tonight."

Quicker than you could say "_____" John was at the sink with this huge pitcher. We watched silently as first he poured in 2 cups of Jose Cuervo Tequila and then added 2 cups of Triple Sec and a cup of lemon juice.

"What's that?" Billy whispered.

"That's a Margarita, son. But instead of making ten little ones I just made me a Big MaMa Margarita."

We all passed the pitcher around. But when it came back to John there was no more left. So he had to make another batch.

And that's why we call him Big MaMa John.

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other on rails to roll more than 60 feet. Exuding the heroic ideal, the film begins with Hitler's arrival from the sky in an airplane, like a fantastic bird, and continues with scenes of marching youth workers, storm troopers, the billowing of flags, torchlight parades, rows of massed steel helmets, peasant women in their old national costumes and shots of smiling Teutonic faces looking toward the kindly Fuhrer. All this, and Panzer units, too, against a backdrop of Nuremberg's churches and baroque monuments.

Triumph of the Will took first prize at the Paris International Exhibition, winning the gold medallion award and certificate—just two years before the war. With understandable intensity, Leni says, "I made a documentary and the Nazis make it propaganda. The political interpretation came after the war. Everyone had seen

COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Leni's film was one of the first to use underwater cameras.

newsreels of Hitler and the Nazi Party. The Nazis were making their own propaganda movies. My film was remembered because it is art." Its effect is overwhelming, particularly to American viewers familiar with what our TV networks call "documentaries"—those static pictures of Talking Heads, approved by typewriting minds floundering verbally in a visual medium. "Narration is an enemy of film art," insists Leni.

After seeing *Triumph*, and the result of Hitler's madness at Dachau, I immediately began clipping articles and studying available research on Leni Riefenstahl. And finally I saw *Olympia*, in which Leni transformed the sweat of sports, through movement, editing and dissolves, into a poetic tribute to the human body. Photographed from a low angle, all the athletes are given mythic proportions. The uncut version contains some nudity in the prologue, both male and female. Then the camera circles famous Greek statues, such as the discus thrower, and dissolves into an Olympic participant in the same position. She also uses slow motion—innovative at the time—to reveal high jump and pole vault athletes suspended in enchanted flight. In 1938 it was voted the year's best film at the Venice Film Festival. Most critics agree that *Olympia* is the first great sports film ever made.

As it happened, the envious Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda, tried to keep her from completing *Olympia*. On the fifth day of the games he even tried to lock her out of the stadium. "He did not want me to show the victorious Negro athletes"—such as Jesse Owens, the 19-year-old black American whose medals upset Nazi claims of Aryan superiority. So, Leni went straight to the big boss, Hitler, who had promised her a free hand.

Screenwriter and novelist Budd Schulberg, who helped organize the Hollywood boycott of *Olympia* in 1938, the same period when he drifted into the Communist Party as a protest against Axis aggression, asked her after the war, "Were you really Hitler's mistress?" He was on assignment for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

"Of course not," Leni replied. "I wasn't his type. I'm too strong, too positive. He liked soft, cowlike women, like Eva Braun."

"What made people think you were?" Schulberg inquired.

"They were jealous, and they didn't understand," Leni said, "because I could always get in to see him alone. I couldn't stand talking to him with all those adjutants and SS around, so I'd ask Hitler to send everybody away. And once or twice we were seen out together—when my films opened, for instance—but that was purely professional, there was nothing personal about it. He just respected me as an artist."

But where was Leni now? I read in *Cahiers du Cinema*, the French film magazine, that she had been filming in Africa. And then there was only more silence—until the *London Sunday Times* hired her to take still photographs of the 1972 Olympic games in Munich.

Covering the 1972 games, Leni laughed at reports alleging that she used a pseudonym to get accredited as a *Sunday Times* photographer. She married Peter Jacob, a mountain brigade major in 1944, and, although divorced two years later, Jacob remains her passport name. Casually clad in sandals, brownish-green cotton pants and a matching tunic, Leni completed her assignment for the prestigious London newspaper. But she was not invited to contribute to the Olympic documentary, *Visions of Eight*, that featured sequences by Arthur Penn, John Schlesinger and Claude Lelouche. Apparently the Germans ruled her out. One West German film critic contended that her *Olympia* was outspokenly fascistic in spirit. Today, Leni is still an embarrassment to Germans who want to forget the past.

Organizers of the Chicago festival had been very excited, and somewhat edgy, about her expected presence. Camille Cook, director of the Institute's film center, said tensely, "There are five requests for interviews. She may grant one or two, or none at all. I'm not promising anything." An abrupt note followed. "Please do *not* do your reporter act at the reception. It is not given for that purpose." I had already communicated with Leni in Telluride and talked to Harper & Row, publishers of her book, *The Last of the Nuba*, which illustrates, far from Hitler's ashes, Leni's photographic power. In the arid mountains of the Sudan, where Leni lived for several years, her lens captured in burnished colors a peaceful aboriginal East African tribe that no one had ever heard of a dozen years ago. The Telluride Film Festival and the giant unclothed Nuba had definitely put Leni Riefenstahl back in the news.

With her Chicago trip off, Saturday's program had to be quickly rearranged. The Institute's president, E. Laurence Chalmers Jr., a tweedy, erudite man, advised the film center to cancel receptions for other directors, many of whom

COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

In *The Blue Light* (1932), Riefenstahl produced, directed and starred in her own script about an enchanted gypsy girl.

the demonstrators eagerly wanted to meet. "Last year we showed French Impressionist paintings from the Hermitage in Russia," he said, chewing on a pipe. "We were called a Communist museum. Now, with Leni, another group is trying to identify us as a Nazi museum. Many of our curators and board members are Jewish. We all deplore a situation that keeps anyone from appearing here."

Saturday evening, with the reception canceled, I was invited by curator Jean-Patrice Marandel to join another colleague, Evan Maure and his wife Naomi, for drinks at Marandel's apartment high above Lake Michigan. Over a bottle of chilled wine we discussed the prickly confusion between politics and art, and British critic-filmmaker Kevin Brownlow's belief that "art transcends the artist." Why was Leni denied rehabilitation, he once asked, while former Gestapo officers today hold comfortable jobs in the West German security force and Nazi scientists were quickly snatched by the Americans to develop our space program? In the most abstract sense, are not both artists and scientists supposed to be working for mankind? Leni left a visible legacy of the Nazi regime. The scientists simply moved their secret equations to another country.

Marandel, whose father spent almost a year in a concentration camp and returned home, to Paris, disabled, said that reactions to Leni's appearance were rooted in guilt. "We were the ones who suffered in Europe, who were killed and crippled and had nothing to eat, and we've tried to come to terms with the war. I think a lot of American Jews feel guilty because they escaped the destruction in Europe. . . . Leni is a reminder of American guilt." Continuing my own research in New York and Chicago, I discovered that nearly all the young Jewish filmmakers and film students I interviewed were untroubled about Leni's stained past. "We lost our cherry a long time ago," said a film student at Columbia, who, like many, feels that Vietnam and Watergate make it difficult for Americans to pass moral judgment on people like Leni. "America has consented to outrages, we all have. I'm not worried now about Leni Riefenstahl." But older Jews who vividly remember the war and its atrocities vividly remember Leni. An editor of *The Sentinel,* a Jewish news weekly in Chicago, observed quietly, "There should be no platform, no honor, for people associated with the Nazis."

The envious Joseph Goebbels tried to keep her from completing *Olympia* in 1936. "He did not want me to show the victorious Negro athletes," says Leni

Film critic Amos Vogel refers to her as "a great and dangerous" filmmaker whose "very brilliance" advanced Hitler's ministry of horror. But another critic and professor, Andrew Sarris, maintains that Leni emerges more honorably as an artist on a political tightrope than did some luminaries of the Soviet revolution such as director Sergei Eisenstein. "Eisenstein lied for his regime, but, curiously, people who played footsie with Stalin are not discredited. Actually, most modern artists have had frighteningly reactionary views. With Leni, the fact that she's a woman adds a sexual fillip of perversity."

On *Olympia*, cinematographer Henry Jaworsky recalls that Leni had an enthusiastic crew of 48 men following her instructions. "After a 16-hour day she would get the whole gang together around a big table. We were all falling asleep. But that woman was full of energy. She told every cameraman what to do in precise details, what lens, what filter. . . ." Under

Leni's initiative, a camera was rigged that ran parallel with the track on a catapult for the 100-yard dash. "You could change the speed of the damned thing, so it was always just a few steps ahead of the front runner." Another Riefenstahl idea was a "special camera for diving that went down on rails so you could shoot the diver in midair coming down, and it went under water with him and automatically changed the exposure."

During the war, Jaworsky's situation was tenuous because he had a Jewish grandmother. "Be quiet," Leni advised, "and try to survive." Jaworsky, who later managed to help the French Resistance, adds, "If she had been a convinced Nazi and anti-Semite, she would have said to hell with you." From 1940 to 1945, Leni directed *Tiefland*, a film adapted from the opera by Eugen d'Albert. Jaworsky believes that she deliberately stretched the project for years in Italy and Austria, so that she had nothing further to do with Party brass.

When the fires finally died in Europe, her homes in Berlin and Munich, her films and equipment, were seized. She spent three years in French and American prison camps, jails and mental hospitals. Cleared by the Allies, she then faced the German courts. In 1952 an earlier (1948) verdict was upheld: "No political activity in support of the Nazi regime which would warrant punishment." She was allowed to continue filmmaking. But there was no career for her in the rubble of Germany, or anywhere else.

"Yes, please," the accented voice said. "I tried to reach you. I wanted to change our appointment. Could I see you an hour from now?"

I was talking to Leni on the house phone in a midtown hotel. She had flown directly from Telluride to New York. Having missed our Chicago rendezvous, I feared she might disappear or not answer my next call. Few interviews were planned and no public appearances. I waited in the hotel bar wondering what Leni thought of New York, but she'd already been here several times since the war. She first saw America in November 1938, hoping to find a distributor for *Olympia*. The only Hollywood executive who received her was Snow White's papa, Walt Disney. She was upset that the major studios had snubbed her. If Leni's politics were naive, so was her understanding of Hollywood,

UPI

At a ski meet in Germany, 1954: Leni, now 72, still skis and skin-dives.

which was becoming the new home for German-Austrian refugees—Fritz Lang, Otto Preminger, Billy Wilder, Robert Siodmak, Douglas Sirk and, later, Max Ophuls. The German film industry never recovered from this loss of talent.

As a film star, Leni's first success was *SOS Iceberg* (1932), a lusty melodrama of the frozen wilds, with Rod La Rocque and directed by Tay Garnett for Universal, just before American companies pulled out of Germany. A wisecracking New York reporter quipped that *Iceberg* was a hit in the Fatherland "despite its Jewish-sounding title." Leni also appeared in *The White Hell of Pitz Palu* and *Storm Over Mount Blanc*, all outdoorsy adventures with a windblown Leni doing her own mountain climbing. On her current visit to Telluride, she reveled in the Colorado landscape, which reminded her of the Alps. Remarkably agile, she still skis and skin-dives. In a few days she would be leaving for a skin-diving vacation in Honduras.

Now, having emptied a plate of dried peanuts and dawdled over a Campari, I called her room again. "Ah yes, would you please come up now?" I took the elevator upstairs for a two-hour conversation with Bertha Helene Amalia Riefenstahl.

Leni unchained the door, peered out cautiously, smiled shyly and invited me into the room streaked gold from the glow of late afternoon sun. Her once auburn curls were now blond and her skin was lightly tanned. She wore a sleeveless green chiffon dress, a bracelet and white patent-leather shoes. Her figure was vigorously trim; her face retained its firm bone structure. She was a handsome woman with a strong but very feminine presence. Forty years ago she had been "linked" romantically, as the columnists say, with actors, sportsmen and cameramen. Leni, I felt, would have determined the duration and intensity of any involvement.

She motioned me to a chair by the window and I sank into the velour cushions. She remained in a perfectly serene sitting position on the bed for the entire interview. "Are you comfortable like that?" I asked. There were two other pillowy chairs. "Ah yes, for me it is quite comfortable," she replied. I remembered that in the mid-'50s she had been in Africa working on a documentary about the Arab slave trade called *Black Freight*. She was badly smashed when her Land Rover overturned and spent months in a Nairobi hospital. She had probably suffered a back injury. There were rumors of sabotage, for the traders sell slaves to Arab sheiks. It was during her recuperation that she first saw photographs of the Nubas, a tribe she ultimately would live with, off and on, for a period of 10 years. "I have always loved the whole world and all races," Leni said. "And I love the beauty of the human body and nature. So it was natural that I go to Africa. I do not like to work in studios. I see life as a painter, with his eyes. Always I try to find the visual concept. And, since I started my career as a dancer, I try to give my pictures the same feeling of movement, of precise composition, that you have in dance."

Leni grew up in Berlin. Her parents were reasonably well off. Her father, the manager of a plumbing-engineering company, agreed to finance a dance recital for her with a slight string attached. If she flopped, she would give up dancing. She had studied Russian ballet and, later, modern dancing at the Mary Wigman School. Her first solo performance in 1923 made her famous overnight. She danced

UPI

Arriving in New York, 1938: *Olympia* had just won the Venice Film Festival prize.

in Zurich and Prague, and with Max Reinhardt's theater company in Berlin. A knee injury halted Leni's dancing. She turned to the movies. She was thrilled by the Alpine genre films of Dr. Arnold Fanck, whose camera saw something "magical" in the cloud masses surrounding the snowy slopes of the Dolomites. "My parents had a summer house outside Berlin and I would often spend hours in the woods, watching the trees and animals, making up my own fairy tales. I found a fantasy in nature. This was—well, I was very young, you see. My childhood was romantic. Isolated. This unreality found expression in my films."

Leni, who had been speaking quietly, shut the window behind me, to blot out the blare of New York sirens and buses and sidewalk babble. "Yes, that is better," she said, assuming once again her poised position. "So. . . ." Leni smiled. ". . . I was always on skis and mountain climbing in the films. Type cast, you say here. And I was not satisfied with my roles. I wrote a script, *The Blue Light*, but I could not find a director or producer. Well, I will direct it myself! Because I have been working in the films with Dr. Fanck now and all the time I ask questions. Why this lens, why this angle? He taught me the importance of composition, how to frame a picture, how to improve a shot by cropping. I was not thinking anymore as an actress, but as a painter and director."

In 1932 Leni produced, directed and starred in her own script, *The Blue Light*, the story of a gypsy girl, thought to be a witch, who is mysteriously drawn to a blue light radiating from a mountain. The Paris critic on *Cinemonde* reported that the fable was a series of "enchanting images . . . each one composed like a tableau. . . . Leni Riefenstahl travels through them, very beautiful, superhuman, and it is she alone who gives to the film a strange and touching charm." The film was a critical and commercial hit. Adolf Hitler, bored by functionary types in the propaganda ministry who didn't know anything about art, asked the striking young director to make two shorts and then *Triumph of the Will*.

"Hitler had been brought to power by a parlimentary majority freely elected," Leni went on, with quiet force. "Why should I have been the only one to see into the future, to know that he would lead the world to catastrophe? Yes, I was impressed by him, like millions of other Germans. But I considered *Triumph* just like any other assignment. It came at a time when he was being pursued, flattered, by foreign statesmen. Not even his worst critics could predict. . . . Look, I was not political. I told Hitler I didn't know what is the SS or what is the SA. I hate politics. You know how people in the theater, in the arts are. . . . I read only the reviews of plays and movies and the ballet. The rest I didn't see. If Stalin had invited me to Moscow, to make a movie about the Russian army, if Roosevelt had said, Leni, come to America, make a documentary on the navy—yes, I would go. I received no honor from the Nazi Party. I held no position. I was not a member. Always, always I wanted to be independent and this is why Goebbels hated me.

"Later the laws are passed against the Jews but how many artists left who were not Jewish? Thomas Mann? He is one out of hundreds. If I understood politics, I would not have made *Triumph*. And I think no one would have stayed in Germany if they had realized. . . ." Leni stopped and momentarily watched dusk flicker into twilight. "And yes, the terrors. . . ." She plunged again into the past. "For years people inside Germany, outside, didn't know what was really happening and I didn't either. Look, I spent 18 months in the cutting room on *Olympia*. The cutting room was my entire life. The same happens with any director, but I was editing a million feet of film, nothing else mattered. Speer, the architect, he had a chance to see. He went with Hitler everywhere. But Speer was blind. After the war, after my arrest, they showed me pictures of the camps—no—no—I say, *no, this I cannot believe*—yet, it is there, and I see—*I see*—."

"If I understood politics, I would not have made *Triumph*. And I think no one would have stayed in Germany if they had realized—"

Leni's home, when she's not in Africa or skin-diving in the Red Sea or skiing in the Alps, is in Munich. Her apartment is filled with photographs of her Nuba friends, who taught her their language, and such ceremonial mementos as native spears and shields and Nuba lyres. Her movie equipment is stored in a basement apartment, which she uses as her editing room. She's editing a documentary on the Nuba tribe with Horst Kettner, a 32-year-old assistant who accompanied her to Africa and who was enjoying his first visit to New York. "From Leni, I learn everything about photography," said Horst, an imposing six-footer, who just stopped by to deliver some messages. The doorbell rang again. This time it was a bouquet of flowers. Leni read the card and smiled enigmatically.

"In my films and photographs, it is often said that I strive for the heroic," Leni added. "What I aim for is stylization, an atmosphere of expression. To see a sign, 'Coca-Cola,' is not very interesting. So I go deep, shoot from a low angle, to frame the face against the sky. I want to emphasize the face. As in portraiture. The background should not disturb the central figure. I have worked with many different cameramen, but my pictures have the same style because I tell each man *exactly* what I want; I show him each shot. In *Olympia* I had to make each race, each award ceremony, different. For one ceremony I framed two faces against the flags. For another, only close-ups For another, only profiles. And I must edit everything myself."

In *The Last of the Nuba* her precise stylization is visible in masterfully composed shots of glistening tribesmen seen through bold arrangements of spears and banners: of silhouetted natives, standing like statues, against an azure sky; of powerful faces, in close-up from a low angle, against startling sunsets. She ran her fingers along a copy of the book. "Perhaps my next project will be a book of memoirs. There have been so many lies about Leni Riefenstahl, I would like the world to know the truth. There is not much time. . . ."

Outside, it was almost dark. And inside the hotel room it was very quiet, hushed. The stillness was interrupted by the shrill cry of the telephone. Recently, Leni had photographed Mick and Bianca Jagger for the *Sunday Times* of London. Now, Mick was inviting her to a party at La Cote Basque, along with Faye Dunaway and Merle Oberon. "Do I go in evening clothes or as a hippie?" Leni asked, laughing happily. "I know, I will go half-and-half." Later she would attend a reception with some critics and film professors.

Gradually, Leni Riefenstahl is moving into the present.

Film historian Gordon Hitchens, who helped edit a special tribute to her in the magazine *Film Culture*, believes that Leni represents the artist who "often has no morality, except his art. He or she is driven, possessed and must realize this art and will adapt this art to the political environment if compelled to do so."

In the darkened room, Leni gravely murmured a confession. "As an artist," she said, ". . . yes, I have been selfish." ●

MOVIES

Dream art

By Frank Rich

Most movies, of course, aren't worth the celluloid they're printed on, but even when contemplating the better examples of the crop of any given year (1974 included), one must face the sobering realization that only a very few films are made by directors who have anything like a true command of the medium. There are a lot of movies that, though worthy of our enjoyment and respect, don't realize half the potential of what is still a relatively young art form. Paul Mazursky's *Harry and Tonto* and Ted Kotcheff's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, to name two recent pictures that I liked with a fair amount of enthusiasm, just don't accomplish any intellectual or emotional effects that could not be equally well achieved by novels or stage plays. This is not to belittle the legitimate success of these two films, but simply to say that in each case that success has been limited by directors who must use literary or theatrical means rather than cinematic ones to tell their stories and impart their visions of those worlds their movies are about. As filmmaking, as well as our appreciation of it, matures, movies such as these are likely to appear progressively more primitive creations. Great films are of another order entirely than these pictures, and, like all great art, they're timeless—even if they fail to achieve popular recognition in their own time. Because most audiences are still being conditioned by the generally banal and numbing devices of television and by a Western cultural-moral heritage that leans heavily on Aristotelian logic and the Bible, perhaps it's only natural that, right now, many of us have an inability to respond to films that actually meet the wondrous challenges the form represents. The best movies speak in a language that is antithetical to that which we use in our everyday lives and, as a result, may at first glance strike us as meaningless. Like musical notes or the brush strokes of painting, the language of film is abstract—but, unlike these other modes of esthetic expression, it hasn't been in currency long enough to be fully understood by most moviegoers or, for that matter, most moviemakers. Still, however rarely it may be tapped, the language is tangibly there, ready to be utilized by those talented few who have that same combination of soul, skill and genius that distinguishes all genuine artists, whether they make music or sculpture or films or books.

Only once in the past few years has the public responded in a big way to a film that speaks to us exclusively in the terms of film. That picture was Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and it happened to make its appearance at a time when, thanks to the breakdown in traditional social structures brought on by Vietnam and the wide usage of mind-altering drugs, a youthful audience (myself a part of it) was especially susceptible and open to an esthetic experience that owes little to the traditional dictates of popular entertainment. While *2001* is often remembered for its plotlessness and trippy special effects, I hasten to add that the absence or presence of either of these elements is not a key to determining a film's worthiness. A number of directors have found ways to turn theatrical stories into film art that could not be duplicated by any other medium (e.g., Hitchcock, Ford, Lubitsch), and a lot of mindless and pretentious crap has been foisted on the public in the name of "experimentation" or "abstraction." Two of the best films I have seen this year, Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us* and Louis Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien*, have strong narrative lines, while two other brilliant works, Jean Renoir's *Petit Théâtre* and Fellini's *Amarcord*, do not. What marks each of these films is that creative force behind the camera who turns a succession of visual images and sounds into a self-contained work that, while maybe moving us or making us laugh, also transports us into an imaginative world that elucidates or possibly even subverts our notions of reality. No doubt some great films have passed me by and will continue to do so, but those I have named above, and the others I have seen in my moviegoing life, have left unmistakable and unshakable imprints

A nurse (Milena Vukotic) and a bevy of monks watch an orgiastic whipping session in Buñuel's *The Phantom of Liberté:* defining questions rather than answers.

upon my consciousness. They're not like any other movies. No matter how often I see these films, I leave the theater each time looking at the world outside a little differently. And when I am in the company of these pictures in the dark of a theater, my pleasure is boundless; the experience is a close runner-up to sex.

Luis Buñuel, who is now 75, has been making movies of this kind for almost half a century, ever since he teamed up with fellow surrealist Salvador Dali to do a short called *Un Chien Andoulou* in 1928. His new film, **The Phantom of Liberté** (*Le Fantôme de la Liberté*), which is now in commercial release after an American debut at the New York Film Festival, exists, like all of this director's best films (by which I mean every film he's made since *Virdiana* in 1961 and much of what came before), as a complete, wholly envisioned work. The movie doesn't have components ("acting," "direction," "screenplay") that can be isolated from each other and discussed individually, but instead gleams with the organic polish we might associate with a ripe apple. Unsurprisingly enough, *Phantom* also works very much within the surrealistic scheme that Buñuel helped invent; the director operates right up against that boundary which divides dreams from what we assume to be our normal existence, and it's not always easy to determine which side of that line we're on. In any case, it couldn't matter less.

The movie is built like a free-associative monologue that a wise, old, delightful and somewhat inebriated uncle might spill on his family at a party one night. *Phantom* is full of amusing and telling anecdotes that never reach their conclusions, for each one reminds the storyteller of another memory that he then starts to recount without finishing the last. Buñuel's tiny tales never precisely begin or end, and yet, by the time the film is over, we have come full circle: though the opening and closing sequences of the film are separated by almost 300 years of chronological time, they are related by visual and aural detail and philosophical thrust. And while characters (played by a large cast that includes Adolfo Celi, Jean-Claude Brialy, Michel Lonsdale, Paul Frankeur, Claude Pieplu, Monica Vitti and, natch, Michel Piccoli) and plots vanish into thin air with regularity throughout *Phantom,* psychological, stylistic and metaphorical links do bind these ingredients together to create a cumulative and often engrossing extrareality. Watching this movie is like living through a restless night during which dream piles upon dream before one has the chance to absorb fully the one that has occurred before: there's no going back, but you know when the time is right to wake up. "With all the interruptions, I don't know where I am," says one of Buñuel's characters, a police academy professor whose lecture is halted repeatedly by the comings and goings of his students—and the line could aptly refer to the film itself. Only for us, unlike the teacher, this disorientation is not an inconvenience but a breathless spell of magic.

At their best, Buñuel's stories-within-stories-within-stories are hysterically funny and packed with the satire and sass we have come to expect from this crusty and disrespectful filmmaker. As usual, he mocks the Catholicism of his youth, reaffirming the mystery of religious ritual even as he pulls the rug out from under it. ("We love the unexpected," says one of the film's holy men, and you know Buñuel feels an affinity for him.) On one rainy night at a remote country inn, four monks who have been speculating on the latest "rumor in Rome" as to which saint is about to be desanctified suddenly break into a poker game in which they use Sacred Hearts and Medals for chips; they guzzle beer and fill their room with smoke from Gitanes cigarettes. Many other jokes, probably the preponderance of them, revolve around surrealism's time-honored inversions of the phenomena of both the physical and social landscape: a man dressed in a pervert's seedy black gives two little girls in a park a packet of "pretty pictures" that the girls' distraught parents confiscate as being "disgusting" and "obscene" but which are soon revealed to be postcards of the major tourist sights of Europe; guests at a bourgeois dinner party sit around a table excreting into toilet stools and reading magazines, occasionally excusing themselves in hushed whispers so that they might take their turns at eating in the one-seat cubicle at the end of the hall; a sniper is found guilty of first-degree murder and is then unhandcuffed so that he can stroll out of the courtroom a free man.

These incidents help Buñuel communicate a concept of freedom that is anarchic and all-pervasive. The sweep of *Phantom* destroys the so-called unifying dramatic concepts of time and place as well as the logic of our supposedly well-ordered universe. Clocks speed up unaccountably, large birds and mailmen delivering letters materialize in the bedrooms of dreaming Parisians, a man speaks to his dead sister on the phone, a doctor offers a cigarette to a cancer patient and a missing person offers to accompany a police-search party so that they might positively identify her if they succeed in their mission. This is a movie that defines questions rather than answers them, for the questions are usually more important than the answers. Whenever characters threaten to tell us about the "true mystery of death" or the real import of a "deathly explosion" that one night awakened the people of Lisieux, Buñuel cuts the dialogue off in midstream. Just as his movie refuses to concede that when we go to sleep we cease to be awake, so it fails to acknowledge that death is necessarily the end of life—and that, paradoxically enough, may be at once the most liberating and most deeply Christian observation of all the many the filmmaker draws in the course of this comedy.

What most makes *Phantom* such a remarkable patch of film is that Buñuel never turns his quest for artistic and intellectual freedom into an excuse for being arbitrary or vague. His film has been designed as painstakingly as the finest watch in order to achieve its ends; it's no more a collection of thrown-together gags and ideas than a Mondrian canvas is a random collection of perpendicular painted lines. Don't look or listen for transitional dialogue, dissolves, narration or normal cause-and-effect plotting to bridge the incidents of this movie (if Buñuel ever indulges in these, he does so for tongue-in-cheek or ironic purposes)—just keep your eyes open and follow the director's vision. Many of Buñuel's structural methods are there to see, even on a first viewing: each scene springs naturally, if rarely logically, from the one before it. The multitude of subconscious threads that the filmmaker spins out during *Phantom* ties the film together while simultaneously broadening and enriching its larger fabric; if any minor gesture were to be yanked out, I suspect that we'd sense the loss immediately. *Phantom* has been devised by a man who knows exactly what he wants and who is so fluid in his mastery of his art that we're always aware that he edited the film in his head as he went along rather than in the cutting room afterwards.

Although I won't really know until this movie reveals more and more of itself to me as I look at it again and again in years to come, I must add that I'm not sure that *The Phantom of Liberté* is among my absolute favorite Buñuel

films; for all the perfection of its construction and the lucidity of its point of view, this movie is, here and there, more fascinating than absorbing. But by using the word "favorite" I mean no more or less than the word implies; if I prefer *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* or *Belle de Jour* to *Phantom* and prefer *Phantom* to *Exterminating Angel* or *The Milky Way*, the matter is mainly one of subjective taste. One may have a special love for certain Buñuel movies as one might for some works of any great artist, and there are no right or wrong choices. In any objective sense, *Phantom*'s place is secure among this director's best films, which in turn are, as a group, among the best films ever made by anybody. Buñuel is a natural filmmaker who appreciates that the medium is not to be employed for duplicating other art forms or for slinging together photographed images that slavishly attempt to capture an "objective" picture of "real life." At the same time, he's a natural radical as well—one who never ceases his assault on those ingrained reflexes that cause us, the audience, to see the world as a society tells us to see it. In spite of its radiant humor, *The Phantom of Liberté* is a disquieting moviegoing experience. Buñuel's films lodge in the mind and stay there—nudging and haunting our psyches—because their maker dares to begin where most other filmmakers leave off.

Law and Disorder is probably one of the more fabulous wrecks of the year—a near-shambles of a film that has more good ideas, wit and kindness than all but a handful of recent American comedies. There are too many better movies around this fall for me to recommend this one to audiences who look on moviegoing as a special event rather than a habit, but if you've seen the others and are willing to take a chance on a work that veers maniacally from the wonderful to the awful, *Law and Disorder* may be a suitable divertissement for an idle afternoon. Just keep in mind that it gets worse as it goes along: the best way to see this picture may well be as the second half of a double bill.

Like Milos Forman, for whom he once wrote the screenplays of *Loves of a Blonde* and *Fireman's Ball*, Czech director Ivan Passer (*Intimate Lighting*) is preoccupied with the folkways and hysteria that define America's middle-middle class. *Law and Disorder* often recalls Forman's first American film, *Taking Off*, even though it is less well-made and takes as its setting one of those cooperative high-rises that tower above burned-out sections of Manhattan rather than Forman's placid, tree-lined Queens. In both of these films, working-class stiffs are forced to confront a world that is changing far more rapidly than they might wish; the social system is deteriorating, leaving these people in a state of panic that is, by turns, either wildly funny or wrenchingly sad. The protagonists of *Law and Disorder*—middle-aged men who band together to form a crime-fighting "auxiliary volunteer" police force, their working wives and their drug-and-sex infatuated children—are not without their prejudices, their insensitivities and their stupid reflexes, but they are also people who hope and love and make an honest effort to understand the violent and vicious environment that challenges their values and threatens their continued existence. Passer views his Middle Americans with tenderness and affection—as if, in a way, the characters were denizens of the small provincial towns he and Forman captured in their Dubcek-era films—and the humor that blooms out of this approach is so plain and un-neurotic that it's doubtful whether any New York-bred filmmaker could begin to duplicate it.

The film's best moments are its smallest ones (a fact, I'm afraid, that has less to do with the director's special sense of comedy than with his failure to think through the larger elements of his drama), and Passer and his co-screenwriters, William Richert (who wrote *Derby*) and Kenneth Fishman, have an unfailing eye for the more peculiar vagaries of New York City life. In their hands the theft of a color TV set can become the basis for gentle, though fatalistic, farce, and the machinations of a middle-aged exhibitionist can become an annoyance as essentially benign as the perils inflicted by the dog turds that line the city's sidewalks. As the picture's two heroes, cab driver Willie (Carroll O'Connor) and failing hairdresser Cy (Ernest Borgnine), thread their way through the chaos of the Lower East Side they call home, they learn to tolerate a spectrum of humanity that runs the gamut from the crazy to the more crazy: from a local youth whose entire vocabulary apparently consists of a certain two-word expletive (which he delivers periodically with a falsetto accent on the first word) to Cy's irresponsible assistant beautician (Karen Black, in teased blond hair and swell comic form), a raucous lady who has a habit of telling customers they "look like shit" and who likes to stop street traffic by making obscene ges-

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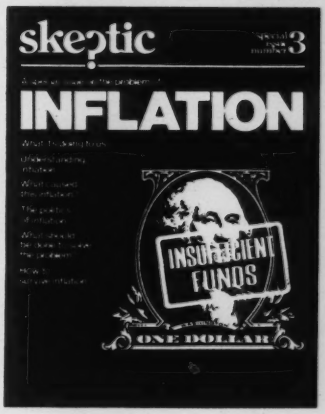

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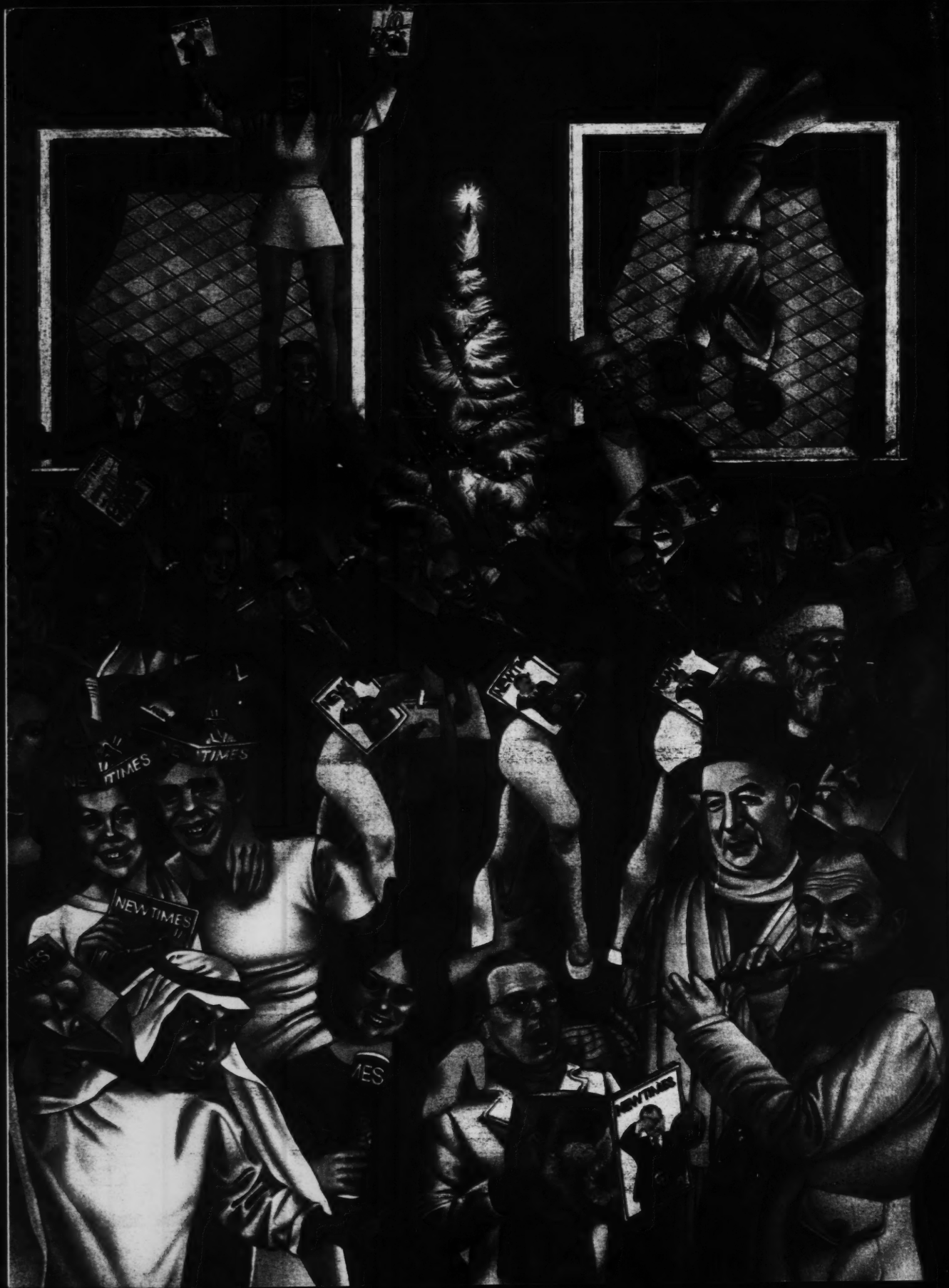
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Merry Christmas and a Happy NEW TIMES

tures with her body. When Cy's cherished amateur police force holds a lecture series, the lead-off speaker is a patently insane shrink (Alan Arbus) who begins his lecture by pulling out a gun and firing blanks into the air before explaining how "the key to the problem [of rape] lies in the erection . . . or the hard-on . . . or the boner."

As the luckless heroes of the comedy, O'Connor and Borgnine make a most disarming and strangely winning pair. Smartly enough, it is Borgnine who has the Archie Bunker role: Cy the hairdresser is a bundle of maddog passions and quick solutions to complex social dilemmas. Borgnine's rampant vulgarity—he always seems to be giving someone the finger, even when he's not—is perfectly suited to the role; his mouthful of decrepit teeth and flaring eyebrows fill out a face that seethes with scorching, often inarticulate anger. And yet, he's not so abrasive that he fails to evoke pity, particularly when he must take the lip of his pathetic handful of clients or when he learns that there's no way he'll ever collect the insurance money he deserves for the loss of his car. His pal Willie is warmer and defenseless—a dreamer who would rather dwell on the old days when New York was a safe and comfortable haven than look forward to a future that might require him to carry a gun for self-protection. It's genuinely exciting to see O'Connor move away from the buffoonery demanded of him by television and attempt this vulnerable and touching character; happily, he has more than enough talent to handle the job. This cab driver, who wears a "smile" button on his car jacket in a depressing gesture of optimism and who looks so woefully and hopelessly lost when he calls for his attractive wife (Ann Wedgeworth) at the midtown expense-account restaurant where she works as a waitress, is a first-rate achievement by an actor who, I think, has barely begun to show us what he can do.

Where *Law and Disorder* runs into trouble is in its detailing of Cy and Willie's friendship—a few scenes in which they play catch or drink with each other are deadly cliches—and in its failure to reconcile the various moods of its story. When Cy's unarmed police group fails to end crime or bolster the self-respect of its schlumpy middle-aged members and when Willie abandons his dream plan to buy a fading luncheonette and make it into "a gold mine like Nathan's," *Law and Disorder* loses its comic rhythm and starts to wander ineffectually into pathos and tragedy; the serious scenes come without warning, go on too long and take us nowhere. The picture runs out of steam so badly that even the comic bits that dot the film's second half lack the charm of the earlier ones, and the double-snap climax—half-apocalyptic, half-hopeful—fails to pay off on the material that precedes it. In the end, you feel that you're watching a rough outline of a movie that was rushed into production before there was time to fill in the proper shading, development and emphasis—and that, more than anything else, is the true criminal element in *Law and Disorder*.

Disaster movies can really be talked about only in terms of each other, and, of all movies, they're probably the closest to being immune from the cavils of critics. Maybe audiences would be better served if *Consumer Reports* took these entertainments as a group and rated them as they might rate new cars, transistor radios or kitchen disposals: which one gives the greatest value for the buck? To this end, it's worth noting that **Airport 1975** has a few more thrills than its longer and duller predecessor but not nearly as many as *The Poseidon Adventure*. It's also a smidgen more exciting than *Juggernaut* or *Pelham One Two Three*, although it lacks those two films' cheek and aims instead at the heartstrings of Middle America, a constituency that, if it ever existed, is probably too jaded now to line up for this picture as it did for the first *Airport* four years ago. I doubt, or at least hope, that there is no longer a mandate for a film that accosts us with a singing nun (Helen Reddy), one-night-stand stewardesses and gags about rambunctious children and traveling salesmen.

Well, anyway, the film looks cheap and is very slow in getting started. Director Jack Smight takes 40 plodding minutes to set up the midair collision that this movie's ads give away as its featured disaster, and some of the process shots are either ill-matched or fake-looking as all get-out. (Several early scenes distract us by concluding with pointed zooms to the dark hole of a guitar, thus suggesting that explosives lie therein, but these recurring melodramatic accents prove to be nothing more than idle meanderings of Smight's camera.) The "B" cast of semi-all-stars that fills up the plane accentuates the budget look of the enterprise—though some members of this crew (Karen Black, Charlton Heston, Myrna Loy and Norman Fell) do preserve their dignity. The sleaziest performance by far is that of Linda Blair, who plays a teenage passenger who must get to L.A. in time for an emergency kidney operation; she does nothing but smile sickly and sickeningly throughout the entire film, and it's my guess that her acting career will not last out the winter. Nancy Olson, as her mother, is so heavily made up and has so few lines that I wouldn't be surprised to learn that she had been embalmed prior to the making of this picture. Gloria Swanson is very much alive, I'm sorry to say, in the role of "herself"—a reminiscing movie queen who is *Airport 1975*'s uncalled-for concession to camp. The "all new" Don Ingalls screenplay that these actors must declaim can probably be tolerated if one is not a diabetic. Women are generally addressed by men as "baby!" and there are lots of lines like, "There's no one left to fly this plane!" and "Now the question is, can we get there in time?" and, upon arrival, "The hospital has a kidney and they're ready for the transplant!" On a consumer's disaster-rating scale rising from zero to a hundred, let's call this one a 42.

Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine in Passer's *Law and Disorder*: kindness among the ruins.

MUSIC

Are the soloists of the late '60s has-beens?

By Janet Maslin

"I'm just a coaster but my wheels won't go."

—Cat Stevens, "Fill My Eyes," from *Mona Bone Jakon*

The late '60s produced distressingly stale pop music, whether it was rock or folk-rock or soul. Psychedelia was beginning to make audiences dizzier than they cared to be, so *sic transit* San Francisco; college kids now preferred getting quietly stoned to the genteel, precise harmonies of Simon and Garfunkel or Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Anthologies of Motown oldies—the best of the Temptations, the Four Tops, the Supremes—were all the rage at fraternity parties, but R&B had little new energy to offer: Otis Redding was dead, Sam and Dave had split up, Aretha was lapsing into MOR and Stevie Wonder had yet to achieve his second coming. The old rock greats were mostly getting older, as the Beatles approached dissolution and the Stones proved their spontaneous days were over. There were scattered moments of genius, as the Who released *Tommy*, the Kinks offered *Arthur* and mercurial Laura Nyro became an overnight sensation. But the horizon looked bleak, with Grand Funk Railroad threatening to become the wave of the future.

Then, suddenly, soloists were upon us. James Taylor and Cat Stevens emerged from relative nowhere, and Taylor used his enormous popularity to help launch Carole King, who had long been a successful songwriter but had not yet faced her public. Rod Stewart (leaving the Jeff Beck group) and Neil Young (leaving Buffalo Springfield) struck out on their own. Each of these five issued only one or two cult albums before becoming wildly popular with *Sweet Baby James*, *Teaser and the Firecat*, *Tapestry*, *Every Picture Tells a Story* and *After the Gold Rush*, respectively. And each of them reached an esthetic peak either at or before that point. But once one arrives at so high a commercial pinnacle, the road downhill is long and slow and easy. Taylor, Stevens, King, Stewart and Young have not since measured up to their inspired early work, but their whirlwind success still enables them to coast. A new album by any one of them is still guaranteed to cause a flurry of excitement and sell briskly for several weeks after its release, although the sales naturally taper off once even the most dedicated fans get a chance to actually hear the latest effort.

Stevens, like several of the others, had an early appeal based on his knack for blending mystery and simplicity. His second and best album, *Tea for the Tillerman* (A&M), had a fragile fairy-tale charm ("I built my house from barley rice/Green pepper walls and water ice") that would later deteriorate into downright nonsense (e.g., all of his new *Buddha and the Chocolate Box* and much of *Foreigner*, which preceded it). I remember early concerts, in his *Tillerman* days, when Stevens would introduce the delightfully oblique "Longer Boats" by explaining that the song was actually about an invasion from outer space, and his audiences would smile knowingly, as though that cleared the whole thing up. (Incidentally, Stevens, like all the others, still draws a very distinctive crowd; his fans tend to tiptoe toward the stage during mid-performance to hand him gardenias and homemade jewelry. James Taylor fans have a passing interest in hearing him perform, but they mostly like to take snapshots and yell, "Where's Carly?" Stewart aficionados are sharp dressers and drink during the show. Carole King's admirers have a worshipful look and mouth the words as she sings them, while your typical Neil Young audience appears to be on the verge of nodding out.)

James Taylor: too happy to make good music.

Stevens' recent work has an explicitly preachy tone that first became dangerously evident with "Peace Train." After *Teaser*, with *Catch Bull At Four* and *Foreigner*, he went through a last-gasp transitional stage, coupling eminently ignorable lyrics with music that was fresh enough to be distracting. He had always been a brilliantly quirky arranger, and for a long time the astonishing vigor of his arrangements was enough to carry him. But *Buddha* is just about the end, combining painfully silly lyrics and fierce, jittery melodies that feel

utterly forced. Anyone who has doubts about Stevens' decline need only hear his abysmal AM update of Sam Cooke's "Another Saturday Night," in which his attempted frenzy comes through as disturbingly authentic hysteria.

Rod Stewart's brand new *Smiler* (Mercury) is, like *Buddha*, all energy and no life. Some of the basic ingredients to the early Stewart formula, like an at least partially sincere delivery, or material chosen to bring out the poignancy in his raspiness, have disappeared. Also, it is possible to sit through all of *Smiler* without noticing a single melody, even on an ordinarily tuneful standard like "You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman." (Stewart's changing of the gender and the unmitigated listlessness with which he sings do the song a dreadful injustice.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL DOBO

Neil Young: less clear and more gloomy.

The insistent, overbearing rhythms are familiar, linking this album at least superficially to his past successes, but the material remains so humdrum it's hard to see why he bothered. His own writing has deteriorated—there's no "Maggie May" or "Mandolin Wind" here, not even a "True Blue" or "You Wear It Well"—even though his voice remains strong. But as anyone who's heard Joe Cocker's recent efforts can attest, the total effect of a voice, a formula and no spark can be very depressing.

A depressing sound isn't necessarily bad or unmarketable; consider the early works of James Taylor and Neil Young, wherein clearly expressed gloom was everything. Young's new *On the Beach* (Reprise) is less clear and more gloomy, though, affecting a randomness more annoying than it is intriguing. Some of the longer, more rambling pieces here have a found-art quality reminiscent of his *Journey Through the Past* film; the idea, in both cases, seems to be that whatever strikes Young's morose fancy is worth incorporating into his work. So for every telling line there are five or six free associations, and Young's artistic success now seems to depend more on chance than it does on talent. Nonetheless, several cuts here—notably "Walk On"—are tight enough to be reminiscent of *Harvest*, the album that sold so well it still allows Young to do anything he pleases.

James Taylor's work has always been so personal that any attempt to discuss it seemed presumptuous; it was and is impossible to contemplate the music without also considering the man. So perhaps the simplest and least arrogant way of explaining the problem with *Walking Man* (Warner Bros.) is this: Taylor has changed personally in ways that make him a less interesting figure to his audience. The new album reflects a contentment, real or imagined, that is at odds with his more moving early efforts. It also seems less careful, as though music were a less important aspect of his life than it once was, and not worth the intense energy he was once able to devote to it. In any case, Taylor's sadness and occasional self-pity matched the mood of his audience more closely than his domestic bliss can; perhaps a rekindling of his earlier misery might sell more records. It's an absurd and insulting dilemma for any artist, one which Taylor confronted in "Hey Mister, That's Me up on the Jukebox." But all that can be said for *Walking Man* is that, except for the title cut and "Let It All Fall Down," James Taylor is easier to be happy for than he is to listen to these days.

Carole King is happy, too; she is a wife, a mother, a success and a person whose concerns once seemed all the more universal for their simplicity. But King is, like the others, close to esthetic bankruptcy right now; her best work is very likely behind her, since no new ideas appear to be forthcoming. Her attempts to present herself as a mother figure, to express sweeping concern for her fellow man, to experiment with Latin and jazz rhythms have all led nowhere. And her new *Wrap Around Joy* (Ode) is, except perhaps for the title cut, painfully mundane. The problems with her new music are familiar, too; they were right there as far back as *Tapestry*, traces of banality that were easy to overlook in the face of such exuberance. The really unfortunate thing about her present—and Stevens' and Stewart's, et al.—is the light it casts upon the past. In each case, the seeds of decline were there in even the finest work. And hindsight has a terrible way of letting later failure undermine past triumphs, just as die-hard fans have a way of letting those triumphs inflate the merits of current mediocrities.

*****Starting Over** *Raspberries* (Capitol). Once they just sounded like the early Beatles; now these four lads from Cleveland mimic the Beatles, the Who, Rod Stewart and the Beach Boys, and do it very well. Not a bit of condescension, just an unabashed affection for their predecessors, who are certainly well worth imitating.

*****Friends** and **Smiley Smile** *The Beach Boys* (Warner Bros.). A reissue slightly inferior to Warners' last Beach Boys set (*20/20* and *Wild Honey*); *Friends* is saccharine at times, reflecting the influence of erstwhile band member Bruce Johnston, while *Smiley Smile* includes "Good Vibrations" plus a lot of filler. Uneven, but worth having.

****David Live** *David Bowie* (Mainman). The Man With One Name offers the soundtrack from his live show, which was a theatrical tour de force but hardly a musical one. All the hits are here, but David, or Bowie, or whoever he is, is in hoarse voice and big trouble without the visuals.

BOOKS

The Kitschen Sink

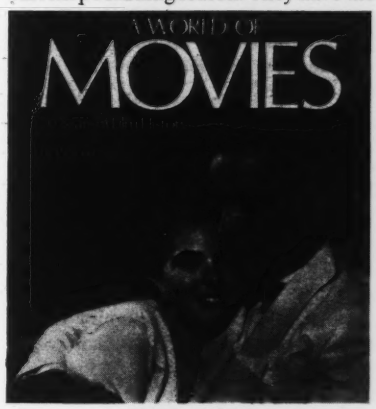
By Geoffrey Wolff

Supertalk *by Digby Diehl.* Doubleday (293 pp., $8.95).
James Dean: A Short Life *by Venable Herndon.* Doubleday (288 pp., $7.95).
Hollywood *by Garson Kanin.* Viking (393 pp., $8.95).
A World of Movies *by Richard Lawton.* Delacorte (381 pp., illustrated, $25.)
Kiss Hollywood Good-by *by Anita Loos.* Viking (213 pp., $7.95).
Wide-Eyed in Babylon *by Ray Milland.* Morrow (264 pp., $7.95).
I Remember It Well *by Vincente Minnelli, with Hector Arce.* Doubleday (391 pp., $10.95).
People Are Crazy Here *by Rex Reed.* Delacorte (306 pp., $7.95).
Elizabeth *by Dick Sheppard.* Doubleday (507 pp., $10).
The Platinum Years. *Photographs by Bob Willoughby, text by Richard Schickel.* Ridge Press/Random House (271 pp., $25).

Last night, during a showing of M-G-M's anthology of musical comedies called *That's Entertainment*, the audience applauded. They applauded when Esther Williams was elevated as though by the damp hand of God Himself above a huge swimming pool filled with what looked like flowers but were in reality backstrokers. And they applauded after Gene Kelly finished "Singin' in the Rain," and before Judy Garland began to sing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Ann Miller's tap-dancing knocked 'em dead, and me, too. Now it's true enough that the witness I tell of occurred way north in Vermont, here at the end of the Mad River Valley, but I'd like to think that our corporate enthusiasm was not merely the reflexive bumptiousness of a mob of hayseeds. I guess most of us had come to the movie expecting to hoot at antique baroque nonsense, and to take a prod in the memory lobes.

But the plain pleasure everyone took last night had little to do with nostalgia, and less with camp. The lift came from watching invention, execution and excess, all in such extraordinary measure that *An American in Paris* seemed not merely a movie released in 1951, but a spectacle of spending and expectation transpiring on another planet, in another, and perhaps future, epoch. So that it comes as a surprise, somehow, to find that film's director, Vincente Minnelli, here among such Americans as us, who are better built to dance upon graves than upon stages. Even his daughter Liza seems almost to have escaped from a time before our time, to have been set upon us by her mother, in vengeance perhaps, to confound us with noise and energy.

Vincente Minnelli's memoir, down to the roots of its corny title, is an exercise in legend-singing, as are most of the books in this large (but by no means exhaustive) inventory thrown up by the current publishing season. They have the



effect on a reader that Pepys's diary has, or science fiction. Mickey Rooney's Andy Hardy, pix of the wedding procession from *Kismet* and the orgy sequence from *Two Weeks in Another Town*, stories about the filming of *Gigi*: these bits of yarn and these artifacts are odd, and oddly seductive. The book is of neither use nor beauty, and it doesn't command attention. But it sneaks up on you.

Minnelli directed the worst movie ever shot, *The Sandpiper*, and Elizabeth Taylor acted (if that verb will agree to spread its net so far) in it. (Transitions in such kitschen sink roundups as this one are as flimsy as they are hard-won. *Elizabeth*, which wears its title on its back and Her face on its front, is an odd back-and-forthing between adoration and condescension, just the proper tone and mix for a work whose dust-jacket epigraph is this memorable review of the lady, by the lady: "I don't entirely approve of some of the things I have done, or am, or have been. But I'm me. God knows I'm me."

I don't know: on reflection the lady doth protest too much. Perhaps she is more like Dick Sheppard's judgment of *Cleopatra*: "Like Shakespeare's Brutus, the elements were so mixed in it that no two critics could be found who could agree over practically anything about it." If you wear high boots, and have the endurance to slog through half a thousand pages of prose like that, you will get the inside skinny on the queen of diamonds' ovaries and husbands, together with a mess of unsolicited testimonials to her courage, generosity, talent, hypnotic beauty. "I've been through it all," she says. "I'm Mother Courage." Brother. The index is a wonder. Beneath the rubric *Taylor, Elizabeth Rosemond: characteristics of*, please find *charities and acts of kindness* (two pages), *cursing* (two pages) and *as housewife* (three pages). Under *health of*, you will be privileged to share with the author the history of her *abscessed tooth, appendicitis, arm injury, back pains, black eye*(s), *broken leg, crushed spinal discs, eye injury, food poisoning, German measles, left knee pains, leg infection, minor surgery of undisclosed nature* (come on, Dick, you're not half trying), *pneumonia and anemia* (a single entry), *right ovary removed and intestinal abnormality corrected, rumors of cancer denied, sciatica, twisted colon, ulcer, uterus removal and viral attack.* And when you're finished, go look at *National Velvet*, and try to imagine eternal youth.

Ray Milland's autobiography is a bid to poke into the David Niven market. Like Cleopatra's Antony, Ray Milland was born in Wales, Reginald Truscott-Jones, and like the author of the best-selling *Moon Is a Balloon*, he stormed Hollywood with his mannered elegance. Decorum and well-cut syllables hardly pay the overhead these days, so it was like seeing a ghost to discover him slumming as Ryan O'Neal's pa in *Love Story*. The book in hand is neither as sharp nor as merry as Niven's, but it is as loyal to former col-

leagues. Milland ends it with a sturdy defense of the perpetrator of *Love Story* (which he calls "a story about two young people sadly passing on"), Erich Segal, "a brilliant individual" unfairly criticized by "dull, ponderous pundits," driven from Yale to Europe, "where he took a job teaching at some obscure German college." Don't worry, Erich, Ray is here to tell you "there's plenty of time . . . to confound those strung-out boors." Forgive the star of *Lost Weekend* misbegotten prose.

Anita Loos is a writer, and she neither deserves nor requires forgiveness. The present book is a sequel to *A Girl Like I*, another memoir of Hollywood in the legendary days by the author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. She's sharp and quick, plenty wised-up, with affection for such scoundrels as Wilson Mizner and contempt for such puffy dragons as Louella Parsons, "our Queen of Nullity." She cuts wisecracks in marble, like Dorothy Parker's mob, but they're good wisecracks, like Joe Frisco's complaint about California's climate: "Sometimes it's hot and sometimes it's cold; a man never knows what to hock."

She worked for M-G-M, and tells tales of the mighty back lot, and of Thalberg and the Barrymores and the contract writers: Maxwell Anderson, Michael Arlen, Robert Benchley, Scott Fitzgerald. It was easy livin', and the pay was fine, and the terrible stories of Hollywood's victims, poor Scott, are mostly bullshit. Poor Louis Mayer, rather, beguiled by Genius to the tune of two and three grand a week, till the muse struck, which she didn't. (When the roads hereabouts ice up, I'm for sale, if anyone out yonder still buys literary goods blind.) Loos is rough on Judy Garland ("a compulsive weeper," whose tears made a "hollywood bath") and very funny about Marion Davies, the fawned-upon and stammering wife of Citizen Hearst. William Randolph was on his deathbed when she led Anita Loos and some friends to The Presence, warning them: "He can't t-t-talk so don't ask h-h-how he is. Just m-m-make conversation as usual– you know, b-b-be idiotic." Like every legendizer, she has Sam Goldwyn stories, but her final judgment of him is severe: "Sam had the quality which most strikes terror to my heart; he never knew what he liked."

Garson Kanin, the author of *Born Yesterday*, and a mess of novels and other screenplays, a director, one of Hollywood's great personages, began there as Goldwyn's protege. Goldwyn drove him nuts, and tried forever to chisel him and beat him down, but Kanin's affection for the bully and wizard has endured from 1937 till now. Goldwyn's craziness and mix of sentimentality with vulgarity are in short supply these days. His first words to Kanin were a gift to him of a Goldwynism (most of which were invented by press agents and idle contract writers): "Sidney Howard tells me you're a very clever genius."

The other leads in Kanin's articulate recollection are Chaplin and Carole Lombard and John Barrymore and the head of Columbia, Harry Cohn, a vulgar thug once heard to shout at an associate who had begged him to calm down his fury lest he work up an ulcer: *I don't get ulcers. I* give *'em*. Cohn wanted a hireling to come to his party to entertain the guests, and the employee begged off, explaining that his wife was giving a party also that night, people had been invited. Cohn begged and threatened, but the wretched slave wouldn't budge, except to say, "Maybe some other time." Cohn replied: "Some other time I can't *use* you."

One of the aspects of the community that put together the deals and the squads that produced such stuff as I watched last night–Astaire dancing on the ceiling, Sinatra crooning with Crosby–was that they *used* people. Or they tried to. Because in fact the cons were forever being conned, but there was action, motion, juice. Executives yelled loud, and fired people, and went stony broke. Skins were either much tougher than they are today, like Kanin's, or much thinner, like Garland's. In Kanin's estimation, "Two thousand dollars a week pays for a lot of humiliation or embarrassment." In an age of candy-ass, when people quit if their feelings are bruised, Kanin sounds less like a toady than a tough guy.

Venable Herndon's James Dean is a sensitive plant, spoiled, insecure, bisexual, a kid. Which of course he was, being only 24 when he pranged his Porsche Spyder into the side of another car. Herndon's account is overwrought, told in a confusion of tones from bogus Eric Sevareid (if it is possible to counterfeit a counterfeit) to bogus Hunter Thompson. But it lays James Dean to rest again, assures his survivors that he is under the ground and not languishing, maimed, in a nursing home.

Of the two gift books under review, costing together half a hundred dollar bill, Richard Lawton's *World of Movies* is the broader in scope and the better. Lawton's captions are sardonic, and the photographs are nicely chosen. The book is mere entertainment, excellent entertainment. *The Platinum Years* is something quite different, an oddly subversive book that self-destroys. Bob Willoughby's publicity stills, shot for magazines and for studios, are facile and arresting photographs of 22 movies, from 1953 (*From Here to Eternity*) to *The Cowboys* (1971). Willoughby loved his work, loved the movies, loved everything. But Richard Schickel, the film critic selected to provide text and texture to this confection, curdles it with his honesty. His 50 pages of commentary are among the best he has ever written, but they crush the expensive album that is their occasion. (Little wonder: among the movies preserved here are *Raintree County* and *Ocean's 11*, not to mention *Dr. Doolittle*, history's greatest egg, whose breaking has been sung so well by John Gregory Dunne in his chronicle of Twentieth Century Fox, *The Studio*.)

Rex Reed, as Churchill said (God knows about someone else), is either at your throat or at your feet. Here he's as bitchy as ever, but for people who keep score these days in Hollywood, I guess he's the announcer of choice, the Sheilah Graham of the English language, if words like "ravishing" and "triumphant" are your taste in English. He has a servile interview with George C. Scott, and another with Joan Hackett, but he beats up on Joe Namath.

A more vital and enduring book of interviews, *Supertalk*, is the product of Digby Diehl's energy and curiosity. Diehl is book editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, but only three of 23 of these question and answer pieces have writers as their subjects. Diehl hunts for interesting people, interesting to him at least, and you might think, given where he lives, that this would take him deep into the movie community. It is a mark of what has receded, a kind of tide line, to note that except for Peter Bogdanovich, no movie people sufficiently pricked Diehl's attention to make him wish to interview them for his book. Rather, his wit and homework are put to the service of such latter-day dreamers as Bill Lear and R.D. Laing.

The old movie dreams are snuffed, I guess, such hokum and hysteria as *Day of the Locust* savaged. False dreams, false names, false breasts, waste, hypocrisy, vulgarity, all these were a kind of pestilence, I guess. When the original *Ben Hur* was finished in 1926, at an awful cost, an M-G-M executive said, "Nothing like it has ever been. Nothing like it will ever be. And nothing like it should have been." He was right, I guess.

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FINAL TRIBUTE

By J. J. Dreyer

The other day I was inspecting investments in the meat counter at my neighborhood Kroger Superstore when my eyes were stopped dead in their sockets by a fluorescent red sticker on a packaged rib steak. THIN SLICED! it proclaimed.

Yes, sir. For dinner that night I could have had a nice, thin, not so juicy steak, a slice of baked potato, a cut of green bean, a shred of lettuce and a drop of salad oil for slightly more than full portions of the same meal would have cost me a couple of years ago. (Inflation is causing me to grow old prematurely. At the ripe age of 27 I can remember the good old days of the economy.)

THIN SLICED! put a real perspective on inflation. A couple of years ago, Kroger's motto was MORE FOR LESS. Today it's SUPERSAVINGS! But it might well be LESS FOR MORE, which to me is a modest succinct definition of inflation.

The Ford Motor Company caught onto the trend in time for the release of the '75 model cars. Under the Ford line, it is now selling a new deluxe compact, the Granada, with a base sticker price about $1,000 above that of the Maverick, which itself carries a hefty base-price boost above what it was at the beginning of the '74 model year.

The '75 Mercury line features the Monarch, which has got to be a super deluxe compact since its base price is supposed to rank with Cougar, a now rather large luxury car.

American Motors and Cadillac have been a little slow in getting into the LESS FOR MORE game. The AMC Pacer is a '75½ sporty luxury model about the size of the Gremlin but priced $1,000 above it. And Motor City rumor has it that the "small" Cadillac will go into production in March 1975. Don't expect any compact prices here.

The housing industry saw the light a few years ago. Many new homes, which are increasing in value at the rate of 1½ percent per month, have aluminum rather than copper wiring, polyethylene rather than copper or stainless-steel plumbing, plastic rather than wooden baseboards and hollow rather than solid wooden doors between rooms. The buyer of the $100,000 home is as likely to find these substitutes as the buyer of the $20,000 home.

Candy bars forever seem to be getting smaller and costing more. The candy industry disputes this, saying that when the size of a bar is decreased, the price remains the same as when it was larger, and that when the price of the bar increases, so does its size. Got that?

Anyway, if you're a chocolate freak, you're probably getting less for more. The trend in the candy industry is to switch from real to synthetic chocolate, as Peter Paul did recently.

A four-month Washington *Post* investigation reveals that the new U.S. Postal Service has deliberately slowed first class mail delivery while overcharging first class mail users by an apparent $1 billion per year. The slowdown for first class mail avoids paying extra salary to night employees. The overcharge to first class users subsidizes losses on second, third and fourth class mail. The net effect is that since 1969, when the new postal policies went into effect, your first class letter is traveling 14 to 23 percent slower while the cost of mailing it has risen 66 percent.

A few years from now you may still see gasoline stations advertising Regular 52.9. But that's going to be 52.9 cents for a half gallon because the adding machine mechanics of most pumps won't be able to handle prices above 99.9 a gallon.

And then there was the National Football Players Association strike, centered on "freedom" and "economy" issues. Or less work for more money. Which translates into lower quality football for higher-priced tickets.

So there you have it, folks. Inflation as the solution to inflation. Don't turn out the same labor, services or products as you are doing now for more money. Do LESS FOR MORE. ●

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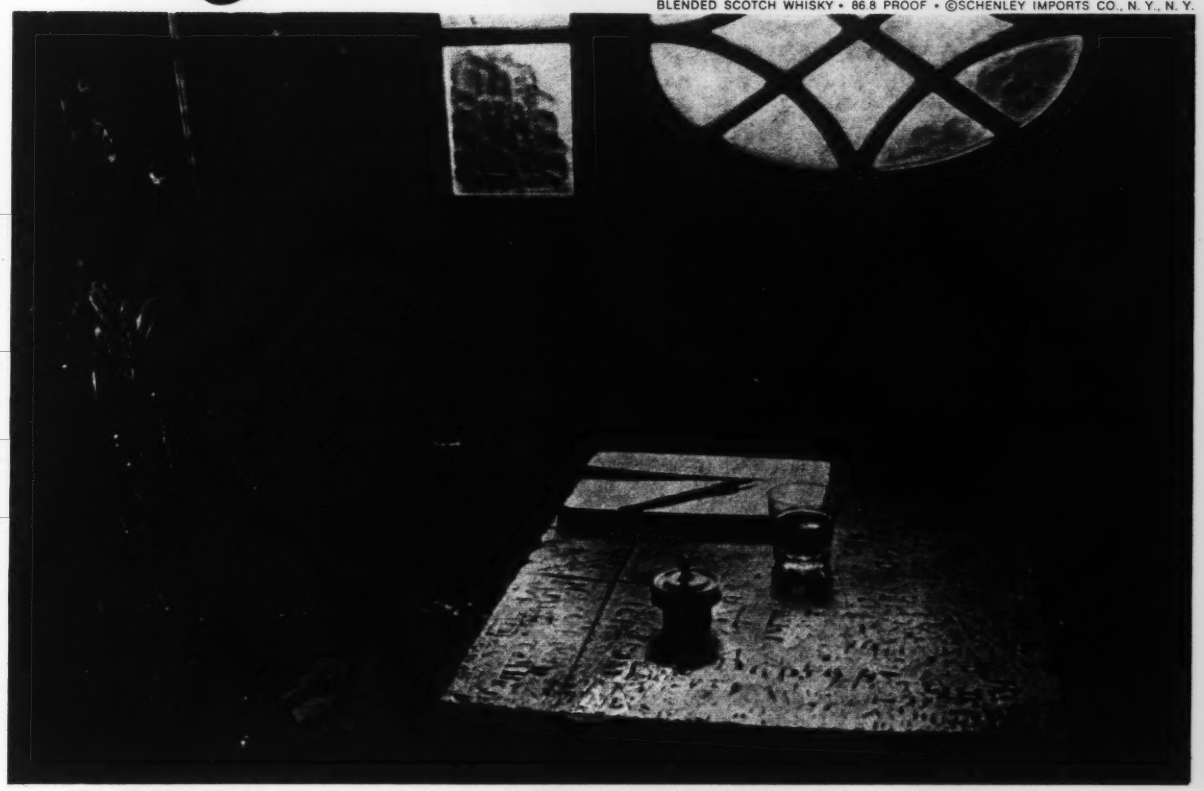

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